

PLUCK AND LUCK

COMPLETE
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LOST ON A RAFT; OR, DRIVEN FROM SEA TO SEA

By CAPT THOS H. WILSON.

AND OTHER STORIES



Off into the gloom rode the raft upon the tempest-tossed sea, clearly defined in the fiery light of the burning and sinking wreck. Frank raised his glance to the dark sky, and wondered if they were to live, or sink forever.

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LOST ON A RAFT

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By CAPT. THOS. H. WILSON

CHAPTER I.—The Naval Cadet.

It was a dark, gloomy night in New York, heavy banks of clouds obscuring the sky, the streets almost deserted by people and vehicles, and the lights in lamps, shop windows and private dwellings flickered fitfully, as the boisterous wind went sweeping the dust along the avenues. Down by the river bells were clanging, for a dense mist overhung the waters, whistles shrieked dismally on passing boats, and sounds of drunken revelries came from the sailors' boarding houses that were overshadowed by the forest of creaking rigging on ships moored along the docks and bulkheads across the street.

A few unfortunate waifs of the great metropolis, consisting of newsboys, bootblacks and shiftless gamins, crept like skulking dogs into obscure corners to evade the watchful eye of the police and pass the night in stolen sleep, and the hour of ten chimed from a church tower bells. As the last echo of the tones went sobbing away on the chill October winds, a boy of about sixteen, attired in the natty uniform of a naval schoolboy, left one of the ferries, carrying a hand satchel, and, being on his way home from the Annapolis Academy on leave of absence, he started along West street to get a car to carry him uptown to his mother's elegant residence.

Frank Grey was the sturdy, dark-eyed boy's name, and he was impatient to get home to meet his wealthy, indulgent mother, for he had not seen her in a long time, and, having no other relative in the world save her half-brother, a sea-faring man of ill-repute named Simon Isaacs, the most intense affection had existed between this mother and son. The boy had not proceeded far along the street, however, when he arrived at a gloomy, unfrequented block, opposite which he beheld a large ship moored, evidently prepared for an early departure to sea, the name upon her stern being plainly marked in big gilt letters as the *Flying Yankee*.

Frank Grey had scarcely caught sight of the odd name when he was startled by hearing a cry of distress coming from across the street, and, glancing in the direction from whence it proceeded, he observed by the light of a lantern upon the vessel, a tall, lean boy, in countrified garments, struggling in the clutches of a man of about forty, wearing a sandy beard and the costume of a ship's officer.

"Oh, Lord!" he heard the struggling boy

scream, in accents of pain, "if yeou twist my arm that way again you will break it."

"Blast yer, what did yer say I robbed that drunken sailor for, then?" the man growled, in harsh, grating tones. "Yer know yer a-lyin'!"

"I ain't!" groaned the boy resolutely. "I saw yeou knock the poor critter daown, an' while he wuz stunned you took his watch an' pocketbook."

"Curse yer, stick to it, will yer? I'll strangle ther life out of yer fer it!"

He caught the country boy by the throat with brutal strength and pushed him backward, raised his fist, and was just about to deal him a powerful blow, when Frank rushed up to him.

"Coward!" cried the indignant young naval cadet, his dark eyes flashing. "Stop this in-a-mous work! Let go of that boy—you are strangling him!"

"Aw, you go to blazes!" yelled the sailor, in savage tones.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Frank struck him a terrific blow with his fist under the ear. The sailor's clutch upon the country boy relaxed, he toppled over backward, and with a thud he struck the ground, while his victim recoiled.

"Go, stranger, go!" admonished Frank warningly. "Now is your chance."

The country boy cast a grateful glance at Frank, and breathed heavily.

"Why did I run away from home?" he muttered, in distressed tones.

The next moment he sped away down the dock, and reaching the gangplank of the *Flying Yankee*, he crept on board and hid himself. He had scarcely made his escape when the sailor staggered to his feet, and, shaking his fist at the calm, undaunted cadet, he hissed:

"I'll git even with yer for that welt, you infernal whelp of Satan!"

"You clear out of here," said Frank, in nowise frightened by his threat. "I heard that boy's accusation, and if I could find your unlucky victim, I'd have you arrested for that mean robbery."

There flashed a startled look over the sailor's face and, muttering threats against the plucky boy, he skulked hastily away, as if in fear that Frank would keep his word by putting him in jail. He soon disappeared around a corner, and the boy proceeded on his way, thinking what a sinister face the rascal had, and, boarding a car.

he rode uptown to a very fashionable neighborhood.

His mother's residence was one of the most beautiful houses in an aristocratic section of the city, and when he ascended the stoop and glanced up at the parlor windows, he was surprised to see a light in the back drawing-room, despite the lateness of the hour. He rang the bell, a servant responded, and the moment she recognized Frank she was going to cry out with surprise when the boy restrained her, and, shaking her hand, he eagerly asked:

"Is my mother well, Kate?"

"She is that, and it's the company of Robin o'Bagshot, her lawyer, she's after having in the back parlor, a-drawin' up her will, so she is."

"Then let me into the front parlor, and do not light the gas, as I want to give her a big surprise," said the boy, with an eager smile.

"I will that. But, sure, it's by surprise you've took us entirely, so you have, Mr. Frank, and it's delighted the mistress will be, indeed, to see you. So come right in and make no noise. I'll tell her it's a gentleman called to see her, and when she's through with the lawyer, it's meet you she will with eyes as big as saucers."

Frank followed the faithful old servant into the front parlor, his mother having in the meantime drawn the portieres, as she did not wish to have any one witness what she was doing, save those she called upon, and when the boy sat down, the servant announced him as if he were a total stranger. She then went away, and Frank was left alone for half an hour, when to his surprise he heard, in the subdued hum of conversation in the next room, that there were two men in there, although they all spoke so low he could not distinguish much.

Smiling with anticipation of his mother's amazement at seeing him so unexpectedly, the boy patiently waited. But suddenly there came a change over the scene. It began with the sound of a heavy fall in the next room—a stifled cry in his mother's voice—the noise of the two men springing to their feet and rushing across the room—then the voice of the lawyer pealed out in startling tones:

"Heavens! What's this? She's dying!"

"Oh, Lord!" gasped the other man.

"Save me!" came the woman's voice. "This pain—here—my heart!"

"My mother!" screamed Frank, turning as pale as death.

With one bound he was upon his feet, and, rushing to the curtains like mad, he tore them asunder, and sprang into the next room, where a startling sight met his view. There were a drop light and writing utensils on the table. His mother, attired in black silk, lay upon the floor panting for breath, writhing with agony, and spasmodically clutching at the region of her heart. Besides the woman, whose handsome face was contorted with pain, there knelt a little man of fifty, in broadcloth, his head covered by a mop of gray hair, his lip clean shaved, and a pair of sparse side whiskers on his cheeks.

The other man stood erect looking on curiously, but Frank paid no attention to him, he was so frightened for a moment. Both men were very much startled by the sudden appearance of the boy, but both recognized at once by his ex-

clamation who he was, and he fell upon his knees beside his mother, bent over caressingly and imprinted a kiss upon her pale lips.

"Mother!" he gasped, in tremulous tones. "Oh, my darling mother! What is it? What is the matter? Look up—see—it is I—Frank—your son—your boy!"

No answer came from the pale lips, the struggling had ceased, and there was an awful stare in the fixed eyes of the woman. A shudder of horror, too intense to describe, passed over Frank, and he glared down at the still, motionless figure in silent dread for fully a minute, not a drop of blood in his face. A terrible shock had assailed him. Then the spell broke, he bent nearer, listened at her lips, thrust his hands convulsively over her pulseless heart, sprang up as if electrified, and, pointing down at her, he shrieked in awful tones:

"See—see! Great God, she is dead!"

"Dead!" croaked a voice behind him sardonically.

Frank started as if he was stung, and with one hand clasped to his cold, throbbing forehead, and his eyes starting from their sockets, he abruptly wheeled around and faced the speaker. The man wore a dark, sinister smile upon his face, and a gasping cry pealed from the boy's lips, for to his amazement he recognized him as the sailor with whom he fought that night. It then dawned upon his reeling brain that he was Simon Isaacs, his mother's ill-favored half-brother; but he had no time to think of more, for the shock he underwent had completely unnerved him, and, uttering a groan of intense anguish, he reeled and fell to the floor in a dead faint.

"Revenge!" exclaimed Simon Isaacs, as he gloated over the boy's misery. "It is my turn! An' now—this will—is mine!"

He turned to the table and picked up the legal document which the lawyer had just drawn up. But Robin o'Bagshot snatched it from his hand.

"Not so fast, Simon Isaacs!" he exclaimed. "This woman's fortune don't go to you until Frank Grey is dead!"

CHAPTER II.—A Stowaway.

A malignant scowl came over the sunburned face of Simon Isaacs when he beheld the lawyer's action, and a tigerish light leaped to his baleful green eyes, his fingers began to work, and, crouching back as if he would spring upon the lawyer, he hissed:

"Give me that paper, curse you! I must destroy it. You know as she's left all her fortune to that boy!"

"There, there, Isaacs—don't get excited. Don't be a fool. Didn't the servant witness the will? You mustn't destroy it. Our plan was to alter it. Besides, her death was so sudden—heart disease, sure—and there will be a fearful row here, you know. Absit invidia—let there be no ill-will, as they say in Latin, and it will turn out all right."

"Looker here, O'Bagshot, are yer a-goin' back on our compact?" savagely asked the sailor, the scowl deepening on his beetling brow.

"By no means, sir, since you promised to divide

this fortune, if it falls into your hands," replied the lawyer, with a sly wink.

"Hark! Some un's a-comin'!" said Isaacs, in low tones.

"Hush, then; it's the girl, sure pop!" whispered O'Bagshot.

The noise had alarmed Kate, and she knocked and entered, asking:

"Shure, what might the matter be, if I may be so bold as to inquire—oh!"

Just then she caught sight of the prostrate mother and son, and ended her remark in a wild shriek of dismay, and rushed forward.

"Hush!" said the lawyer, restraining her. "Mrs. Grey has had a bad attack of illness, and her son has fainted. Do you know where to find a doctor?"

"I do that!" replied the frightened girl.

"Then run and fetch him as fast as you can."

The terrified Kate hastened away on her useless errand, and as soon as they were alone, Isaacs said in hoarse tones:

"It won't do for the boy to be on hand now, will it?"

"By no means," assented the lawyer.

"Then help me ter git him aboard o' my ship—quick, an' we can use yer cab ter carry him off. I'll take him along wi' me on this voyage. We leaves ter-night wi' ther turn o' ther tide."

The unprincipled lawyer clearly was implicated in a plot with this man to rob Frank Grey of his inheritance, and foreseeing that there was a certain wise policy for them in getting the boy out of the way for a while, he readily assented. Moreover, he was a coward, a boaster, and very much afraid of the rough scoundrel with whom he was conspiring to enrich himself.

They grasped the senseless boy, carried him out to the cab, got in with him, and ordered the driver to take them to the *Flying Yankee*. Before the servant returned with a physician they had disappeared.

"Gimme yer handkerchief, O'Bagshot," whispered Isaacs, as the cab went rattling over the pavements. "The young cuss may come to afore we gits him aboard ther ship, an' then there'll be ther deuce to pay. I'll bind an' gag him."

"Yes, yes!" said the lawyer excitedly, as he jammed on his high silk hat and assisted his confederate. "Should he cry out, it would attract the attention of the police, which, as the Latin has it, quod avertat Deus (may God forbid), for we would land behind bars!"

They fastened Frank securely and gagged him. Then they held a whispered conversation, which lasted all the way to the vessel, and arrived there, the driver was fed and dismissed, while they carried the cadet aboard the ship. Simon Isaacs was the captain of the *Flying Yankee*, and when the watch saluted him he drove them away with a torrent of blasphemy, and they carried Frank into the cabin. Here they laid him upon the ugly skipper's berth, and lit the lamp which was swinging over the dining table. The lawyer sat down, panting from exertion, and telling him to remain there till he returned, Isaacs went out on deck and spoke to the first mate. The ship had been delayed to get her cargo on board, and a tug was at that moment arranging a hawser to tow her out. In a whisper Simon Isaacs gave his mate

some instructions, and then returned to the cabin, locked the door and took out the key.

"What did you do that for?" queried the little lawyer, in surprise.

"Because I don't want you to escape," grimly replied Isaacs.

A deathly pallor overspread O'Bagshot's face, and he stammered:

"Why, what have I done to displease you now?"

"Yer know enough about me ter send me ter jail," replied the captain, "an' I'm not goin' on a long v'yage ter China an' run chances o' yer doin' me any harm durin' my absence, so I'm a-goin' ter take yer along wi' me."

"What!" yelled the startled little lawyer, jumping up excitedly.

Isaacs jerked a revolver from his hip pocket, and aimed it at his friend.

"Sit down thar!" he exclaimed sternly.

"Yes, yes!" gasped the terrified O'Bagshot, dodging under the table.

"If yer don't do jist what I ses," roared the captain, "I'm a-goin' ter kill yer, lawyer, d'yer hear? Sit thar now, I tell yer!"

Pale and trembling, O'Bagshot crawled up to the chair and obeyed.

"For Heaven's sake," he implored, in whining tones, "don't keep that pistol aimed so dreadfully accurate. I'll do anything you say, Mr. Isaacs, 'pon my soul and body, I will. Turn it away—please do, please do."

A devilish grin overspread Simon Isaacs' face.

"Fork over that 'ere will!" he ordered.

"Yes, yes, here it is," groaned O'Bagshot, obeying reluctantly.

The captain thrust it into the breast pocket of his peajacket and nodded:

"Good fer you," he remarked. "Now, I'm a-goin' out."

"Oh, don't drag me away to sea!" frantically howled the lawyer. "I've left all my business unsettled, my wife and family won't know where I am, and Lord help my soul, I've never been to sea before."

"Shut up!" roared Isaacs, pounding his fist on the table violently.

"Yes, yes, I'll keep still."

"Yer a-goin' ter do jist wot I ses. Durin' this trip I'm a-goin' ter heave Frank Grey inter ther sea, an' git him out o' my way. You've got ter ha' a finger in ther pie so's yer can't peach on me—see? That's wot I've brung yer along fer, an' when we comes back ter port we makes my claim fer ther widder's fortune, an' as ther lad'll be a goner, we gits it wi' no trouble—see?"

"Very good! Very good," assented O'Bagshot, with chattering teeth, as he restlessly watched the revolver flourishing in the skipper's hand emphasizing every word he uttered.

Isaacs peered into Frank's face and saw that the boy had revived and was intently listening to every word that was uttered.

"Oh, ho! So yer hev come to, hey?" he bel低ed. "Then yer know wot our scheme is now, don't yer? Well, I knowed I'd git even wi' yer fer that 'ere blow yer gave me when I wuz a-wallopin' that 'ere hayseed fer lyin' about me, an' I'm agoin' ter do it, too!"

By this time the ship was being pulled out into the stream, and as his services were needed on

deck, he shook his fist at the terrified lawyer, and said, in threatening tones:

"You know wot I told yer. Stay here now till I come back. Yer can't get ashore agin if yer wants ter now, an' if yer attempt it, why, dern yer lubberly hide, I'll riddle yer wi' bullets—d'yer hear?"

He glared at the lawyer like a demon for an instant, and then opened the door, passed out on deck, and bolted the door on the outside. The *Flying Yankee* was towed down the bay into the Narrows and thence out to Sandy Hook, where the tug left her. She then spread a mountain of canvas, and started for the south with a beam wind and a rolling sea, her crew busy on deck and her captain getting everything in shipshape for the voyage.

It was not until they were out of sight of land and well under way that Simon Isaacs returned to the cabin. He released Frank of his bonds, and then ordered the boy and the lawyer to go up forward and join the crew, with whom they were both ordered to work as common seamen. For Frank Grey this duty was no novelty, and it hurt the little lawyer's pride, but he dared not demur for fear of incurring the malice of the brute who governed the ship.

The *Flying Yankee* was a clipper ship of 1,000 tons burden, with a crew of twelve men, and was laden with a miscellaneous cargo, bound for the port of Shanghai. On the first night out Frank remained on deck, nervous, restless, sad, and sick at heart, never saying a word to any one, but working mechanically, his eyes filled with tears and his heart rent with grief over his mother's death. It did not trouble him because he was the victim of a fiendish plot; he did not worry over finding himself in the power of his enemy, and he never flinched from his hard duty and poor fare. All he could think of was his mother, and he fell into a melancholy mood and brooded over it until it seemed as if he would go mad. The next day he was still on deck, working feverishly, his face pale, his eyes sunken and encircled by black rings, and his lips dry.

Several times Simon Isaacs stood watching him, as a spider eyes a fly caught in its net, but there was something so pathetic in the boy's poignant sorrow he did not address his sad, young victim. Late in the afternoon the supercargo went below, and a few minutes afterward a terrific uproar ensued down in the hold, which ended in the officer returning to the deck, dragging a stowaway up with him. The noise brought Isaacs out on deck, scowling and swearing. Frank gave a start the moment he saw the stowaway, for in him he recognized the lanky country boy whom he had rescued from Isaacs while ashore.

The captain remembered the boy, too, the instant he saw him, and, utterly regardless of the forlorn, miserable, seasick condition of the lad, he jumped at him like a panther, and yelled:

"Blast me if it ain't ther country jay!"

A frightened cry pealed from the boy's lips, and he recoiled, moaning:

"Oh, don't hurt me, sir! I didn't stow away a-purpose tew go tew sea!"

"I'll kill yer now!" yelled Isaacs furiously, as he shot a beastly look at Frank, "an' we'll see what that 'ere young hound'll do in your behalf!"

And, seizing a belaying pin, he rushed at his victim.

CHAPTER III.—Adrift on a Raft.

"Hold, Simon Isaacs! To reach this poor boy you must first kill me!" ringingly cried Frank, bounding between the furious captain and the country boy with his hand upraised.

The skipper paused, fairly dumfounded, and his shivering victim crouched in back of Frank, crying piteously:

"I only came aboard tew hide, an' fell asleep daown there. We wuz on the sea befaour I knowed it, an' I wuzn't tew blame for bein' here."

Isaacs gnashed his teeth with pent-up fury, the veins swelled up like whipcords on his forehead and temples, and he raised the belaying pin to dash Frank's brains out, when, with a cry of alarm, O'Bagshot rushed up to him and pulled the weapon aside.

"Fool!" muttered the lawyer. "Don't do it where a dozen witnesses could go against you in court and swear that you killed Grey to get his inheritance."

These words calmed the captain's temper like magic, and he turned around, pondered a moment to further subdue his wrath, and then said to the first mate in hoarse, choking tones:

"Make that 'ere hayseed work his passage before the mast!"

He then walked aft with O'Bagshot, who was earnestly whispering to him, and they both disappeared within the cabin. None of the crew was in sympathy with the brutal skipper, and the mate's tones had a kindly ring, as he turned to the country boy and explained what was expected of him. The boy brightened up when he saw that the hand of every one was not turned against him, and he said to Frank:

"Oh, yeou doan't knaow haow much obleeged I am tew yew."

"That's all right," kindly replied the cadet. "How did you get here?"

"It all come o' runnin' away from haome," regretfully answered the country boy. "My name air Jeremiah Applejack, an' I came from Vermont tew N'York, tew see the sights. When all o' my money wuz spent, I went daown ter the dock tew sleep, when I fust met yeou. Tew escape that air chap, I hid aboard o' this ship, an' naow jest see the pickle I am in. Oh, Lord, I wish I never wuz born, I dew!"

He sniffed and rubbed his long nose, and wiped his watery blue eyes, and his yellow hair stuck up through the holes in his old peaked-felt hat, and the legs of his patched pants came above the tops of his rawhide shoes in the most comical fashion. Frank felt sorry for the poor wretch, as he knew what a hard time he was bound to have of it aboard of the *Flying Yankee* under a much crueler taskmaster than his father 'way down East on the old farm.

From that moment a close intimacy sprang up between the simple country boy and the nayal cadet, the former being devoted heart and soul to Frank for standing up for him, and the city boy having a great sympathy for the other's awkward plight. Days rolled into weeks of hard toil after that, the weather remaining fair enough

until the ship rounded Cape Horn, when she went into the Pacific coated with a sheet of ice.

The hardships underwent by her crew were very bitter, more especially as Simon Isaacs' treatment was harsh and unfeeling. He worked his men like slaves, abused them upon the slightest pretext, and acted altogether in such a relentless, tyrannical manner that they all grew to hate him most cordially.

During this time his attacks were directed especially at the two boys, but they made it a point to never demur, and thus saved themselves from an extra amount of abuse from their taskmaster. About this time Isaacs and O'Bagshot became closely associated in frequent conferences, which Frank now observed with a troubled feeling, for it was not difficult for him to judge by their significant glances that he was the object of their talk. There could be only one inference to this: They were planning to put him out of the way! It was evident that they wanted to dispose of him secretly before the ship reached her port of destination, and as the first keen paroxysms of grief over his bereavement gradually wore away, he began to have more regard for his own life and remain upon the alert for danger.

Two days after they rounded the Horn, the *Flying Yankee* ran into a mass of heavy mist banks, and a lookout was posted in the bows constantly to avoid the danger of collision or running ashore. Frank was assigned to this duty, and Jerry, as the country boy was called by all hands, relieved him when it was necessary. When night fell upon the sea the wind began to blow strongly from the east, and sail was reduced. The fog disappeared, and the sky was soon seen frowning with threatening black clouds portending a violent gale.

There came a humming in the rigging, and with his jacket collar turned up about his ears, bulwarks for support, the ship began to roll and Frank was obliged after a while to cling to the bulwarks for support, the ship began to pitch so hard when the gale burst upon them. The waves arose and hissed in seething masses on all sides; after a while great clouds of spray burst up over the bows of the tumbling ship, and enormous waves breached clear over her decks amidships, washing every loose article by the board.

It was rapidly becoming a most serious storm, and life lines were rove athwart the decks for the sailors to cling to, while every stitch of canvas was furled and clewed down, save a storm sail forward, and a balanced reefed spanker aft. Presently the gloom grew denser, not even a flash of lightning breaking it, and the turbid seas, overhung by a gray haze, became more tumultuous in the rolling and breaking of the billows. Still holding his post, Frank vainly strove to pierce the gloom, and he watched the fearful battling of the ship with a feeling of dread, for she was beaten about like a mere cork by the powerful waves and made leeway fast. A faint glimmer off to the starboard suddenly arrested the boy's attention, and he peered long and earnestly in that direction, the light raising with an undulating movement, first showing, then disappearing like a will-o'-the-wisp.

"A light upon our starboard quarter!" Frank cried presently.

"Light upon our starboard quarter!" the mate repeated.

"Starboard quarter!" came the remains of the cry as it passed along.

"Hard aport your helm!" came a command, in Isaacs' voice.

"Port it is, sir," echoed the quartermaster.

The bow swung off a point. Not a soul on deck was to be seen, the voices coming mysteriously out of the gloom at different points, and up aloft there swung several lights in the creaking rigging, half buried in the flying spray. Thunder now began to mutter in the distance, and Frank prayed for the lightning's glare, as he peered around in the gloom for the strange light again, for it would let them see where they were going. He could not find the light for a moment, but when he did see it again a terrible cry burst from his lips. The light was bearing straight down upon the ship.

"Hard alee! Hard alee!" he screamed, at the top of his voice.

"Alee!" echoed the helmsman, hearing him above the roaring and pounding of the leaping waves.

"We are being run down!" shrieked the boy.

The words of warning had scarcely left his lips when there came a fearful, grinding crash, a frightful shock, a splintering and splitting noise, and the bow of the big steamer plunged into the side of the *Flying Yankee*, tearing a gaping hole in her hull. Up over the doomed ship loomed the steamer, her lights half obscured by the jumping waves and her own rolling—then she kept forging on, pushing the ship aside and disappearing like some demon in the inky darkness beyond.

The crew of the *Flying Yankee* were left in a panic, for the scuppers had been washed under from the shock, the mainmast went crashing by the board and the sea gushed into the aperture and began to fill her. Loud cries responded on all sides.

"A collision!"

"We are wrecked!"

"Lower the boats!"

"There's no salvation!" yelled Simon Isaacs' voice.

A huge aperture was seen, into which the sea was rushing; the ship was settling down, and every one made a rush for the boats. A ship's lamp had been knocked over in the forecastle, and set the place afire to add to the horror, and smoke and flames began to burst up as the tarred ropes and pitch pine decks caught afire. Down went the two boats into the sea, and a wave catching one, slammed it against the hull of the sinking ship and smashed it to pieces. The desperate crew leaped into the remaining boat and made off in the gloom, where they disappeared, leaving the captain, Frank, O'Bagshot and Jerry alone on the wreck. Isaacs was wild.

"They've left us to our fate!" he yelled.

"We yet have time to build a raft and save ourselves," said Frank.

Incited by his words, they seized upon the water casks and emptied them, ropes, grating, planks, and everything available was seized upon and as the fire up forward burst up on deck and set fire to the rigging, they worked like madmen. Within a wonderfully short time they had a large

raft roughly constructed on the afterdeck, where the taffrail was broken, and fastening hawsers to it, they launched it in the raging sea.

Within two mintues they all got on it, and raising a torn piece of canvas upon an upright made of a spare yard, the wind caught it and Frank steered it away with an oar. Off into the gloom rode the raft upon the tempest-tossed sea, clearly defined in the fiery light of the burning and sinking wreck, and Frank raised his glance to the dark sky and wondered if they were to live or sink forever beneath the raging waters.

CHAPTER IV.—A Fight for Life.

Swept along by the fierce wind, the raft went tumbling from wave crests to the trough of the heaving sea, the appalling gloom broken by the vivid, ruddy glow of the sinking and burning ship. The steamer which had cut into the *Flying Yankee* had long since disappeared in the gloom, the quarter boat containing the twelve sailors had vanished, and the four castaways on the raft were obliged to take in their bit of tattered canvas from the spar and hold fast to keep from being washed overboard. Frank Grey kept his glance fastened upon the burning ship. She would never reach China, for the seas were pouring into her, and she settled lower and lower into the waters, until at last, with a lurch, she went down, and the fire was extinguished like magic. Thick darkness settled upon the turbid sea again.

"Blast it, she's a goner!" the cadet heard the surly captain yell.

"Isaacs!" exclaimed the little lawyer, "have you got the will?"

"Ay, ay, but Mrs. Grey's money won't do me no good now," growled the skipper.

"This is Heaven's retribution on you for planning to kill me!" said Frank.

"Jewittiker!" cried poor Jerry, who was greatly terrified over their peril, "dew yeou think as we'll come aout o' this alaive, Frank?"

"We are at the mercy of Providence!" solemnly answered the young cadet.

"Amen to that!" whined O'Bagshot hypocritically, for his cowardly nature was more upset than the rest. "As the Latin has it, Deo volente, which means, 'God willing, I hope we will be saved.'"

Perhaps when he recalled his base treachery in conjunction with Isaacs, his conscience went back on him, now that he was in peril. Isaacs said no more, but maintained a moody silence as he lay flat on the tossing raft, but kept wondering if the frail thing would hold together. The distant thunder was drawing nearer every moment, and soon crashed over their heads, mingled with vivid lightning flashes. It showed them nothing but an enormous waste of lashing waves, and then rain began to fall in torrents. It was impossible to tell precisely where they were located on the heaving Pacific, for many hours had passed since the last reckoning had been made, and only a surmise could be attempted. Simon Isaacs imagined it might be somewhere near the islands of Juan Fernandez and St. Felix, but it was only a guess.

The raft was heaving and tossing frightfully upon the enormous waves, threatening to capsize or go to pieces, for it was not as strongly put together as it should have been, on account of the haste in which it had been constructed. Frank Grey, when on the practice cruises of the naval cadets, had been in several storms at sea, but never dreamed of anything half so furious as this one.

He had secured himself to the end of a long rope, the other end of which was securely tied to the raft, and was just about to fling himself down when a roaring billow swept up over them, burst with a report like thunder, and the next moment they were all buried under tons of water. The raft was beaten down, but it soon came up again, and every one was gasping for breath.

"Help! Help!" shrieked a voice from the water.

Frank was startled, as the despairing tones faintly reached his ear, and glancing around hurriedly, he saw that Jerry was missing. A blinding glare of lightning shot through the sky, and by its vivid light the boy saw Jerry struggling for his life in the water ten feet away, the wave having washed him overboard. There was a wild, pleading look upon the poor fellow's face, and it struck a chill to Frank's heart.

"Jerry is overboard!" he said despairingly. "His lashings have broken!"

"Let him drown!" brutally answered Isaacs.

"Oh, you monster!" indignantly cried the boy.

"Without him the raft'll float lighter, and we'll have better chances."

"I am not so selfish! I'll save him if I can!"

"Go overboard with him, then, and may you never return!"

Frank sprang into the tumbling water and struck out for his friend. It was a most hazardous undertaking to brave such a stormy sea, but the boy knew no fear, and was goaded on by the stinging brutality of the selfish scoundrel who was responsible for his peril.

"Save me!" cried the unlucky stowaway.

"Fear nothing!" shrieked the cadet. "I will soon reach you!"

He struck out with powerful strokes and, breasting the rough waves like a cork, he soon reached the half-drowned boy. Jerry was in a pitiful state when Frank caught him. His strength was most all gone; the water gurgled in his mouth, and he had just about given up the fierce struggle for his life. Sustained by the strong arm of the young athlete, his panic departed, renewed courage filled his soul, and he managed to ease the cadet's work by helping himself.

"Hang on to my shoulder!" Frank shouted. "I have got a rope fast about my waist and will pull back to the raft."

"Oh, daon't le' me go!" pleaded Jerry, in stifled tones.

"No, no, no! You are safe enough. Don't be a coward!"

"I'll dew what yeou tell me!" gasped the Yankee boy.

He clung tenaciously to the cadet. Frank grasped the rope securing him to the raft, and, turning around, he began to haul on it hand over hand, dragging himself and his friend along through the raging water. The wind screamed

and moaned in their faces strongly, as if intent upon retarding their progress; the waves hurled them up high on their crests, amid showers of spray, and they were sucked down into the yawning troughs as if to go to the bottom. Each moment they drew nearer to the surging raft, and had approached to within five feet, when, by the lightning's brilliant flash, Frank saw Isaacs raise a knife and sever the rope which held them to their only safeguard. A cry of dismay pealed from the boy's lips, as with a report like a pistol shot the rope parted, and he found himself struggling in the water without any support, holding up the terrified Jerry.

"Oh, may Heaven blight him!" wailed the boy despairingly.

With a lurch he and the raft were swept far apart, and it seemed for an instant as of the separation would be final.

"Go, blast you!" he heard Isaacs rave through the dense gloom which now settled down upon the appalling scene. "With two less we're agoin' ter live! May the waves swallow you!"

He ripped out such a fearful string of blasphemy after that that the boy shuddered, and was glad to have the howling sea drown the voice. The receding of a wave had carried the two boys back from the raft, but the next instant they were lurched toward it again with the precipitation of a cannon ball. With a crash they struck the raft. Instantly they both fixed a desperate clutch upon its edge and hung there for their lives until Isaacs saw them. He gave a yell of ungovernable fury. The raft was sagging down deep in the water, where the two boys clung, owing to their combined weight, the water lapping up around the groaning and terrified lawyer. Frank saw the skipper creep over toward them, with a most malignant expression of devilish fury upon his bearded face, and he reached out his arms toward them. That he contemplated some fiendish work was very evident. His cold, clammy fingers touched Frank's skin and made the boy shiver, for he felt Isaacs begin to work at his hands in an effort to push them off the raft again.

"Stop!" cried the boy. "You shall not murder me!"

"You'll not get on these planks again!" snarled Isaacs from the gloom, as he doubled his fist and began to pound the boy's clinging hands till they were nearly mashed.

Despite the agony the boy suffered, he hung on tenaciously and made several ineffectual efforts to get up on the raft.

"Let go!" the man hissed fiercely, "or I'll pound your hands into a jelly! Let go, I tell you, Frank Grey! Your last hour has come!"

"Oh, let me but get up there at you!" screamed the boy desperately.

A sardonic laugh burst from the lips of Isaacs.

"I've been a-wantin' to put you out o' the way for a long time!" he yelled, at the top of his voice, "and the chance has come. Now die, curse you, and may—oh! oh! oh!"

He ended his remarks with screams of pain, and drew back. Crash! went a second blow. This time he moaned and lost his senses. A fiery dart burst through the murky heavens, and Frank saw Jerry standing upon the raft with a broken oar in his hand, with which he had dealt Isaacs

those awful blows. The boy looked like an avenging spirit.

"Saved!" muttered Frank, a thrill of joy passing over him.

"Frank! Frank!" cried the stowaway.

"Ah, Jerry, lend me a hand."

The Yankee boy grasped Frank by the wrist and pulled him up out of the water on the raft again. Isaacs lay upon his back, breathing hard, but his eyes were closed, for Jerry had knocked him senseless. The lawyer was weeping and whining, for he feared that every moment would be his last.

"I didn't help Isaacs!" he screamed. "Don't touch me!"

"No one is a-goin' tew," replied Jerry contemptuously.

"The raft is ours!" cried Frank.

The two boys tied themselves fast to the frail planks after that, and, huddling themselves close together, they prayed to Heaven for salvation from the fury of the storm.

The storm lasted during the night and blew itself out. The next morning the sun came out bright, the sea went down and off toward the port side in the distance land was sighted. It was during the night that Frank saw a paper lying on the raft beside Isaacs, evidently having fallen out of his pocket. The boy moved over and seized it, and striking a match perceived it was his mother's will. He put it in his pocket.

When Isaacs woke up in the morning sunlight he missed the will and accused the lawyer of stealing it. But Frank spoke up, telling the sea captain he had the will and intended to keep it. Isaacs vowed all kinds of revenge on him, but Frank laughed at him. It was toward the close of the day before the raft landed on the shore of the island. Then Isaacs and the old lawyer sprang ashore and plunged into the dense shrubbery lining the shore. The two boys also went ashore and started into the interior.

After proceeding a short distance they saw a band of savages, and the boys were seen at the same time by the natives, who immediately started for them, uttering loud cries.

Frank and Jerry took to their heels in the direction of the shore, only to find Bagshot and Isaacs on the raft and putting out from shore. Evidently they had seen the savages and got to the raft ahead of the two boys.

CHAPTER V.—A Sail at Last!

"Raft ahoy!" shouted the naval cadet.

"What do you want?" answered Isaacs.

"Haul to and take us aboard!"

"Not on our lives!"

He fired a shot at the skipper, and the ball grazing his head, caused him to cry out with pain and fall recumbent. He was stunned, and the lawyer became panic-stricken with the fear that he would next fall before Frank's weapon.

"Mercy! Mercy!" he shrieked. "I will do as you say!"

The savages had learned to fear the deadly pistol, and as soon as they heard its report they came to a pause and dashed in among the woods to hide themselves. In order to increase their

terror Frank fired at them and sent one of their number to the ground with a ball in his body.

"Jerry—come! Into the water with you—quick!" cried Frank.

"Be yeou a-goin' tew swim aout tew the raft?" asked the stowaway.

"There is no other course. Can you do it?"

"Tew be sure," replied Jerry. "'Tain't nuthin' tew swim in this calm water."

They hurried out through the breakers until beyond their depth, when they struck out for the raft, which now stood up in the wind with flapping canvas. But half the distance out to it had been covered, however, when the islanders, recovered from their fright, burst from the woods, and seeing the two boys fleeing for their lives, regained courage. They rushed down to the surf brandishing their spears and fitting arrows in their bows to fire at the boys, when Frank turned around and sent two more disastrous shots at them. Frightened again, the savages fled under cover, and the two boys, breasting the waves side by side, continued on to the raft.

"I have no doubt their spears and arrow heads were steeped in deadly poison," muttered the cadet, "and the slightest scratch would have been fatal to us, Jerry."

"Jerusha! I'm right glad they didn't hit us, then," said the Yankee boy. "I've been stung by bumble bees an' wasps, but b'gosh, I don't want no snake poison intew my system, nohaow!"

They soon reached the raft and got up it. By that time the negroes hit upon the plan of firing showers of barbed arrows at them from the concealment of the trees, and they came whistling around the castaways and stuck in the woodwork of the raft. Frank fired back at them at random. It required all their most adroit dodging to escape getting pierced by the arrows, and while Jerry and the little thin lawyer seized the oars and began to paddle away, Frank took another one and steereed the boat before the wind. Poor and ragged as their tattered sail was, it assisted them materially, and they soon worked themselves out of range of the flying weapons hurled at them by the savages. Isaacs remained unconscious all this while, lying flat on his face, and when they were half a mile from the shore Frank resigned the steering oar to his friend and examined the skipper. The pistol shot had furrowed a slight wound along the side of the rascal's head, but beyond depriving him temporarily of his senses, it did no serious harm.

"You are a pair of mean curs!" the boy said, turning upon the sniveling lawyer. "That was a treacherous way to run off with the raft and leave us to our fate!"

"It wasn't my fault," whined O'Bagshot. "The skipper was the one, sir, who insisted upon it, sir, and, sir, I had to obey him for he is to be feared. *Homo homini lupus*, as they say in Latin—in other words, man is a wolf to man. It is true in my case, anyway."

"You and he saw the savages, didn't you?"

"We did, sir, and he proposed to desert you both."

"Are you aware that we haven't any food or water left?"

"Miserabile vulgus! In other words, we are a wretched crew."

"While I was upon the island I saw a number

of small islands dotting the sea off to the westward," said Frank. "They, too, may be inhabited by more of these savages, but we will have to get there, and try to stock our raft with food and water."

He tied a piece of canvas around Isaacs' forehead, to stop the flow of blood from his wound, and setting Jerry and the lawyer at work securing the fastenings of the raft, he took the rudder. In their hurried flight from the *Flying Yankee*, they had not been able to take many things of which they now stood in great need, but there were plenty of ropes, and with these the unfirm raft was made stronger. By the time this was accomplished, Isaacs came to his senses, and began to realize what had occurred. He was surprised and furious to see Jerry and Frank on the raft, and bitterly reproached the boy for having shot him.

"I would not have done that if you had not so basely deserted me," said Frank; "had I killed you outright, my conscience would not have troubled me any after what you did."

"Give me water! I'm parched!" groaned Isaacs.

"There isn't any on the raft," replied the boy.

"No water? Oh, heavens, what's a-goin' to become o' us now?"

"Perhaps we may soon get some," the boy replied. "We are heading for another island now where we may find a spring."

Isaacs arose and shaded his eyes with his hand from the big hot sun which now began to rise, and glanced off to the westward where the island was plain to be seen. There was but very little wind, and the movement of the raft through the glassy sea was very sluggish. The island was fully ten miles away.

Jerry was tired and sleepy, and, lying down, he fell in a doze, the little lawyer having fallen fast asleep beside him, and Frank began to ponder over their situation, forgetting Isaacs for a moment. He was suddenly made aware of the ugly skipper's presence, however, when Isaacs crept over to him, doubled up his brawny fist, and dealt the boy a terrible blow in the neck.

"Take that for a-shootin' me, cuss yer!" Isaacs hissed.

He followed it up with several more stunning punches that knocked Frank down, and then he began to kick the boy.

"Stop, you coward—to hit a fellow unawares!" groaned the cadet, trying in vain to ward off the blows.

"I'll git even wi' you fer that 'ere shot!" yelled the brute. "I've had it in for you this long time, and, by Heaven, I'm a-goin' to give it to yer till every bone in your body's broke, you whelp!"

He showered a volley of kicks on the boy's ribs, and seizing Frank by the hair with both hands, he began to pound his head down on the planks as if to dash his brains out, when Jerry was awakened by the row and sprang up. At one glance the stowaway saw his friend's peril. And with one agile spring he landed on Isaacs' back. Seizing him by the throat, Jerry began to squeeze his windpipe and pull him backward, to get him away from Frank. The skipper turned black in the face, his eyes started from their sockets, his tongue protruded from his swollen lips, and he

began to struggle and swear. Desperate as the Yankee boy's clutch was, however, he could not shake the angry boy off, despite his superior strength.

Over they fell, Jerry on top of his burly adversary, and was fairly strangling the life out of him, when Frank got upon his feet and ran to his friend's assistance. Snatching up a loose piece of rope, the cadet made a noose in the end of it, and fastened Isaacs' arms behind his back, then bound his ankles together.

"Let the beggar go now, Jerry," he remarked.

"B'gosh, I thought as he'd a-killed you!" panted the stowaway.

"He came pretty near it. He is too dangerous a man to leave loose trying to murder people. You shall remain a prisoner now, Simon Isaacs! See here, O'Bagshot!"

"Well?" queried the lawyer, who had awakened and sat up.

"If I catch you assisting this scoundrel, I'll put a ball in your head."

The lawyer turned as pale as death, for he saw that Frank meant what he said, and hastily answered:

"Oh, I shan't do anything, 'pon my word."

"If you don't," roared Isaacs, scowling at his accomplice, "you had better look out for me, blast your timbers!"

O'Bagshot was cast into a fever of anxiety by these threats, coming from both sides, and glanced timidly from Frank to Isaacs without speaking. The skipper, then spent his time swearing at and tantalizing Frank with all sorts of mean expressions, but the boy treated him with such cool indifference and utter contempt that he soon lapsed into silence. The raft forged slowly ahead under the boy's guidance, and as they drew nearer to the island they saw a full-rigged ship suddenly come sailing out from behind it.

"Sail ho! Sail ho!" exclaimed Frank, who was the first to see it.

Every one was electrified by his words, and glanced up eagerly at the craft, which was now bearing down upon them; their hearts filled with delight at the prospects of a speedy rescue from their unfortunate position.

CHAPTER VI.—An Unlucky Man.

Within less than half an hour the brig which was approaching our friends came up in speaking distance, and Frank shouted:

"Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!"

Several of the crew of the vessel were crowded up in the bows, peering ahead at the castaways, and an answering cry came from them as their craft swept up to the raft.

"What do you want?" demanded a tall, swarthy man, with the costume of an officer on, his face covered by a long red beard and his head adorned by the same colored hair.

"We are castaways from the American ship *Flying Yankee*," the cadet replied, as the brig hauled to, "and beg of you in the name of Heaven to take us aboard of your craft."

Before the man could reply, there sounded a tremendous commotion upon the deck of the brig, and Frank saw a man come through the cabin

window head first and fall to the deck amid the jingling of broken glass. A chorus of cries pealed from the crew of the brig, and they made a rush for the man, when he bounded to his feet, uttered a cry of affright, and dashed across the deck to the bulwarks. With one leap he fell into the sea.

"Help! Help!" he shrieked, in appealing tones.

"What under heaven can the matter be?" gasped Frank, in surprise.

"The captain has escaped," yelled one of the brig's crew.

A dozen pistols were aimed at the fugitive, who had come to the surface, and was swimming toward the raft. The next moment they were fired. As the volley pealed out, a yell of despair came from the lips of the swimmer, he flung up his arms, and cried:

"I am shot!"

Then he sank beneath the surface. A few bubbles came up to the surface where he went down.

"It's a rank murder!" exclaimed Frank, in horror.

"Trim in!" came an order from the brig.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Tack away to the windward!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

The brig fell off on the wind. Without paying any further attention to the castaways, she sped off rapidly and soon left the raft far astern. Every one was astonished at the peculiar event.

"Heaven an' airth!" gasped Jerry. "What dew it mean?"

"We will soon discover—there's the man they shot," replied Frank.

He pointed down at the water. A few yards away the hapless victim of the brig's crew was floating upon the surface and feebly swimming toward them.

"Save me!" he moaned, in agonized tones.

He had evidently been badly wounded by the pistol shots, and Frank directed the raft toward him, while Jerry took one of the oars, reached out with it, and he caught hold. They soon hauled him up on the raft, where he lay gasping and moaning, and Frank knelt beside the poor wretch. He was a smooth-faced, gray-headed man of fifty, clad in a white shirt and blue pants, and his body was riddled with bullet holes, from which his life was fast ebbing away. In a few moments he recovered enough to cast a glassy and ghastly stare up at the boy, and then he moaned painfully:

"You are too late—too late!"

"What do you mean by that?" the boy asked.

"I have got my billet; I am going to die."

"Can't I dress your wounds—"

"It is useless now. In a few minutes I shall be a corpse."

"Why was this outrage committed?" the boy asked indignantly.

"Those scoundrels have stolen my craft."

"I do not understand you."

"Then I shall explain clearer. I was the captain of the brig, and we play between California and Australia. We left San Francisco with a large cargo. My crew were a bad lot, and the mate, a deep-dyed rascal. He formed a conspiracy and schemed to steal the brig, sell the cargo, and turn the craft into a freebooter. Most of my men readily joined him. There came a revolt

several days ago. The mutineers attacked me. My loyal men were shot down like dogs, and I was imprisoned in the cabin."

"Ah! I comprehend it now," said Frank.

"I heard them hail you, thought it was a ship, and I made an effort to escape and save my craft and my life. But see what has come of it. They have murdered me, and I—"

A spasm of pain interrupted his further utterance, and he writhed and groaned and begged Frank to kill him, in order to end the misery he was suffering. The boy was shocked at his story.

"We are better off as we are than among that crew, Jerry," he said.

"Waal, I calkerlate yeou be right," admitted the Yankee boy.

The torment of the unlucky captain increased and he began to scream. It filled Frank's heart with pity to witness his excruciating distress, and he turned away his head.

"Heave that lubber overboard!" growled Isaacs ferociously. "What in blazes did you pick him up for? I don't like no such repulsive sights as a-seein' a feller passin' in his chips right under my very nose, I don't. Chuck him overboard, will you?"

"Keep still, you unfeeling cur!" exclaimed Frank, his dark eyes flashing fire at the cold-blooded tone of the bound rascal.

The poor captive glanced at Isaacs. He then remained quiet, but his dying glance became fixed. It was an awful, penetrating glare, riveted by death, and when the last rattle sounded in his throat the look became perfectly horrible in the haunting keenness of its rigidity. Isaacs turned his face away as the body stiffened out, but he soon shot a furtive side glance down at the corpse, and to his horror, he saw the same awful look bent straight into his eyes. A chill passed over him. It made his flesh creep to find himself forced by being bound to stare straight into that dead glance, for some subtle fascination about it held his gaze, and brought it back to those dreadful, staring eyes, no matter how often he shut his own and averted his face. A cold sweat burst out all over him, and he began to tremble.

"Take it away! For God's sake, take it away!" he raved wildly.

Frank did not know what impelled his enemy's excitement, but upon seeing that the unfortunate man was now dead, he and Jerry dropped the body overboard. It floated a few moments and then sank. By this time the stolen brig was a league away, and still heading for the northward, leaving them astern. The castaways were not sorry to see it disappear in the far distance after a while, and then the raft was kept on for the island, and they presently reached it and went up a small river. Anchoring off the embankment, the boys went ashore with the little lawyer, who had been very quiet since Isaacs was made a prisoner.

Like the other isle, this one was small and densely vegetated, and the trio began to gather the luscious fruit and transfer it to an empty cask upon the raft. A spring was then found, and another cask was filled with its pure, sparkling water, after which a meal was partaken of.

Just as they thought they had reached a place where they could recuperate their lost strength

they found out the island was inhabited by cannibals and had to again put to sea. This time they sailed on and on until all the water and food were gone and they were nearly crazy.

"We must draw lots to see who must die to furnish food for the rest," said Isaacs when they were hardly able to get on their feet from weakness.

CHAPTER VII.—Dying of Hunger.

The horrible suggestion of the skipper caused the rest to shiver, and a look of intense woe to cross their faces. The expedient mentioned was one which had often been resorted to by shipwrecked sailors, situated in equally as desperate positions as they were then in. But none had thought of becoming cannibals till the coarse, brutal mind of Isaacs hit upon the atrocious plan.

While the rest seemed to be overwhelmed with aversion of the desperate expedient, the skipper gloated over it with a fiendish pride scarcely human, and looked from one to the other as if he had said something to be proud of.

"You certainly do not mean it!" said Frank hoarsely.

"Ay, now, but I do, my lad!" chuckled Simon Isaacs.

"For my part, I won't eat human flesh!" the boy exclaimed.

"Jiminy crickets! An' I won't neither!" added Jerry.

The lawyer began to cry like a baby. He was dreadfully frightened, and looked upon the burly skipper with a dread such as he never felt before. The wolfish look on Isaacs' face was intensified by a black scowl, and he gnashed his teeth when he saw with what disfavor his proposition met. Skulking back to the corner of the raft which he generally occupied, he lay there silently watching his companions all the rest of the day, frequently baring his yellow teeth as if he was anxious to sink them in their quivering flesh.

It got so dark after a while that they could not see each other, and the wind began to moan a lonesome dirge over the heaving waves. They heard Isaacs munching upon a piece of canvas, and, as the night advanced, they began to doze off one by one, the basilisk eyes of the ravenous skipper fixed upon the places where they lay with a starved, malignant expression. Frank fell into a heavy slumber and dreamed that he was back in quaint old Annapolis again, at the naval school, among his jolly classmates, at howitzer practice on the Severn. It was a sweet, pleasant dream, fraught with fond memories, but he was suddenly and rudely awakened from it by a stifled feeling, and aroused to find himself choking. There was an awful strangling grip on his windpipe. He opened his eyes, and, looking up, a gasping cry escaped his lips when he saw the evil, distorted face of Isaacs bent over him.

The wretch had singled Frank out for his victim. Creeping up to him softly, he had clutched him by the throat. Now he was slowly but surely strangling the life out of the boy.

"Help!" weakly cried the half-starved unfortunate.

"Hush! On your life, silence!" hissed his enemy.

"You are strangling me!"

"I will kill you!" came the fierce reply.

"Never! You fiend—monster—cannibal—" "I'll have your life, I say! Curse you, keep still!"

The boy struck Isaacs a violent blow full in the face.

"Back with you!" he shrieked, struggling to get up.

"Oh! I'm blinded!" groaned Isaacs, reeling back.

As soon as the deadly grip was off Frank's throat he struggled to his feet and fought the man back. Isaacs struggled like a tiger to hold him, but so fierce and impetuous was the boy's resistance that he began to howl like a wild beast and recoil. Jerry and O'Bagshot were aroused by the uproar, and asked what was going on in the darkness. Frank joined them a moment afterward, and Isaacs skulked back to his corner of the raft again, muttering fiercely:

"He was trying to murder me, the vampire!" gasped Frank.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned O'Bagshot. "He may attack me next."

"No danger—you are few bony," said Jerry.

The three remained awake nearly all the night, watching and listening for Isaacs, for his intention was glaringly apparent. Toward morning, however, they fell asleep, again, one after the other, and were not molested by the surly skipper. When they awakened the sun was beating down upon them hotly and fiercely, and they found the raft lying high and dry on a sand bar. Frank rose, and saw that they were close to land. It was a thickly vegetated island. A great cry of joy pealed from his parched lips.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed.

He glanced around at his companions. Isaacs was raving in a delirious fever, the little lawyer lay senseless and gasping, while Jerry was so weak he could not stand, but lay moaning for food under the awning. They all looked terrible from their suffering, their skin having turned yellow and parched, being drawn over their bones tightly, which gave their emaciated features a cadaverous look.

"Wrecks!" the boy muttered. "They are almost gone. A few hours more will suffice to end our lives, unless I can reach the land."

He anchored the raft, and dragged himself into the canoe, which they had previously found adrift in mid-ocean. The shore was near, and he managed to paddle to it, when he saw a tiny rivulet pouring down into the sea amid the dense shrubbery. Tears of joy blinded the poor boy's eyes. He crawled from the boat, and drank a delicious draught at the stream, new life seeming suddenly to infuse his veins. Then he gathered some of the tropical fruit, and eating sparingly, he took some, and some water back in the canoe to the raft.

The water and food revived Jerry, and they gave some to the skipper, who then became quieter and more rational, after which the unconscious little lawyer was revived after some trouble. In a few hours all but Isaacs were almost recovered, the strong man having contracted a high fever. He made several attempts to commit suicide, by

trying to spring overboard, and they lashed him to the raft.

An excursion was then made ashore by the three, when the water cask was filled, and a lot of fruit was gathered. The raft was stored with a large quantity of fruit now, and the castaways lay-around until the next day, taking care of each other, by which time Isaacs was worse, and the rest much better. They could not do anything for the murderous skipper, much as they wanted to, save to give him food and drink. It was then decided that they explore the isle, before venturing ashore to remain, until they might get picked up. The lawyer promised to stay with the captain, and the two boys then entered the canoe and paddled to the land. They were then in the Java Sea, but did not know it, and the isle was called Sandalwood.

Beaching the canoe, they stepped ashore and plunged in among the trees, when a series of mournful cries reached their ears. It sounded as if some one was in great agony, and with their curiosity aroused, the two boys hastened forward and came to a clearing, in the midst of which they were amazed to see several white men in sailor costumes, tied to the surrounding cocoa trees. Swarming about them were a number of Malay natives, well made, wiry, and brownish complexioned people, armed with lithe switches with which they were beating their captives. These men were the most unscrupulous slavers, and their prisoners were the survivors of a wrecked crew who had reached the island only to fall into their merciless hands.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Circle of Fire.

Fortunately for the two boys, the Malay slavers did not see them, and they instantly slunk back in the bushes out of sight, close to one of the prisoners. There were four of the sailors, and the natives were cruelly beating them with the switches for having killed several of their number, before they were captured.

"Can't we help them poor fellows?" whispered Jerry anxiously.

"Perhaps. Wait until it gets darker," replied Frank, in low tones.

Watching the Malays, the boys saw them presently tire of their cruel sport and gather in the middle of the clearing, around a fire, over which one of them was cooking their supper. There were a dozen of them. They were excitedly talking in their peculiar language, and their four prisoners, helplessly bound to the trees, groaned with pain and hung on their bonds half senseless. It was the intention of the slavers to sell the four prisoners to the farmers on the adjacent island of Java. Darkness rapidly settled down over the scene, and Frank crept from his covert, and drew up behind the nearest sailor.

"I saw, my friend—hush, make no noise!" he whispered.

The prisoner started and tried to look around, but could not.

"Who is it?" he gasped hoarsely.

"A friend."

"Heaven be praised!"

"I am untiring your bonds."

"May God bless you, stranger!"

"Have you got a knife?"

"There is a jack knife in my pants pocket."

"I must have it to liberate your friends."

"Help yourself."

The boy did so, meantime keeping a wary glance fastened upon the natives, who now were partaking of their supper. The boy also withdrew a waterproof box of matches, when an idea occurred to him, and he whispered to the sailor.

"You are free of your bonds now, but do not move till I say so."

"Why not?" queried the man excitedly.

"The natives will see it, and frustrate our rescue of your friends."

"True! True! Ain't you armed?"

"No. Now wait, as I told you."

Like a shadow Frank glided to the other men and released them. They all stood like statues, awaiting his signal to fly. Frank observed that the ground was strewn with leaves as dry as tinder, among which was mixed the dryest of twigs and branches. He gave each one of the sailors some matches from the box he had taken from the first man, and keeping some for himself, he handed the rest to Jerry.

"Vanish quietly among the trees," instructed the boy, "and when we form a circle around the encampment, set fire to the leaves."

This was done most skilfully. So intent were the Malays upon their food that they did not notice their prisoners dropping out of sight in the shadow of the dense shrubbery, one by one, until all were gone. Then they spread out in a circle. A strong wind was blowing, and no sooner had they set fire to the leaves when it fanned the blaze up, and almost in an instant the clearing was surrounded by a circle of fire. The startled Sandalwood Islanders sprang to their feet with yells of alarm, missed their prisoners, and saw the desperate position they were placed in.

Had they ran at once they could easily have got out of the circle of fire ere it was all one mass. But a panic overcame them, and they crouched in the middle of the clearing, clinging to each other, screaming and imploring the spirits of their ancestors, whom they imagined dwelt in the sandalwood trees, to save them from death.

"Run for your lives!" Frank shouted to the rescued sailors.

They needed no second bidding, but soon disappeared.

"How about us?" queried Jerry, in anxious tones.

"We must return to the raft, of course. The slavers on this island might catch us, if we stay ashore, and sell us."

By this time the fire was roaring high up in the air, igniting the tree branches, and the boys had to retreat to escape the terrible heat that poured out. They saw the Malays rushing at the ring of fire in the maddest efforts to get through and escape, but the scorching tongues drove them back repeatedly. They were now caught in a terrible trap. Escape would have been possible, but they waited for the fire to burn itself out; but they were panic-stricken and desperate.

Grouped in the middle of the clearing, they danced and yelled in a veritable frenzy, and drew out their weapons. Frank caught an occasional glimpse of them through the fiery furnace, and,

with a start of horror, he saw one of them deliberately commit suicide, by stabbing himself in the heart. The rest of the howling and shrieking band rapidly followed the suicide's example, and in a few minutes every one of them lay stretched upon the ground dead, from wounds that were self-inflicted.

The Sandalwood Islanders are a peculiar race. The most trifling causes lead them to commit suicide, a vice of rare occurrence in other parts of the archipelago. Frank had often heard of this remarkable trait of character in these people, and at once surmised where they were. He did not wait to witness the entire tragedy, but the fire had attracted the attention of more of the islanders, and the boys saw a large number of them approaching in hot haste.

"Come, Jerry!" he cried. "Back to the raft with you!"

"Jewittaker!" gasped the stowaway, running along with him. "Did yeou see them air fules kill theirselves?"

They jumped into the canoe and paddled out to the raft, which now floated free of the sand bar, and got aboard.

"What, may I inquire, is the matter?" queried O'Bagshot.

"We will have to clear out of here as soon as possible," the cadet replied, as he hoisted up the anchor, while Jerry raised the sail.

They thereupon detailed what had happened, and found that Isaacs was in the height of a raging fever. He was struggling like a madman at frequent intervals to burst loose from his bonds, but could not budge. The raft soon left Sandalwood Island astern, and drifted into the Indian Ocean, the boys keeping a sharp lookout for a sail. Her course now changed to the northwest again, under the influence of the strong wind and currents. Several days passed by, and Isaacs grew worse every hour. His brain was completely turned, now, and on the night of the third day he grew so violent that his bonds were burst like threads. Before Frank or the others fairly knew what happened, the crazed man was upon his feet, and with one wrench tore down the jury mast, converted it into a club, and attacked them.

"Look out!" cried the cadet, dodging a terrible blow. "He will kill us!"

"Away with you!" yelled the skipper, rushing at the three, who had retreated to the end of the float. "Into the sea with you, or, by Heaven, I shall batter you all to pieces!"

His onslaught was so savage and impetuous that they were terrified, and to escape him they leaped into the sea. He was left in sole possession of the raft, and whenever any of them made an attempt to draw near it, he strove to bring his huge cudgel down upon their heads.

CHAPTER IX.—"Land Ho! Land Ho!"

Swimming around the raft, of which the fever-maddened skipper held possession with the jury mast in his powerful hands, Frank, the stowaway, and the lawyer were in a pitiable plight. It was near midnight; the most intense darkness was settling down upon the Indian Ocean, and

the wind was sighing a sad requiem over the lapping waves. Isaacs was watching them like a cat, his fierce raving, cursing, and grumbling reaching their ears, and distinctly told them that it was as much as their lives were worth to fall into his power now.

"We can't remain here in the water forever!" said Frank. "He must be overcome again, Jerry, or we'll drown."

"Jerusha!" said the Yankee boy, "did you see how easy like he busted them air bonds which held him daown?"

"Can't we get back on the raft again?" whined the little lawyer piteously. "I never was much of a swimmer, and I am getting exhausted."

"When we get too near," replied Frank, "you have seen how he tries to batter our heads in with that pole."

O'Bagshot groaned dismally.

"Then, as the Latin has it, *spes sibi quisque—let every one hope in himself*," he muttered desperately. "I'm going to plan a campaign."

"What do you propose to do?"

"Let Jerry attack him. He is of the least consequence. While Isaacs is busy breaking Jerry's head, we can get on the raft and attack him."

"Not much!" growled the stowaway dryly.

"Look yonder—a storm is sweeping down upon us," said Frank.

"For Heaven's sake, try tew git the canoe away from the raft!" cried Jerry.

Frank swam over to it to carry out this suggestion, saying:

"Jerry, you go around to the other side to attract his attention."

The Yankee boy did so.

"Gol durn yeour buttons!" he yelled, as he drew closer to where the madman stood brandishing his cudgel. "Why on airth don't yeou come daown here intew the water tew fight us?"

He splashed the water at Isaacs, and with a howl like a wild beast, the lunatic aimed a terrific blow at him. Jerry was out of range, however, and easily avoided it. In the meantime, Frank dove under water, and, coming up close to the raft, with his knife in his hand, he cut the line holding the canoe to the planks and it was adrift. Getting into it, Frank picked up Jerry and O'Bagshot. By this time the storm swept down upon them. A thick mist filled the air, and the sky became dark.

"Unless we keep near the raft, we may lose it!" said Frank, working the paddle he held, to keep the canoe on a level keel.

"For Heaven's sake, don't let it get away from us!" gasped the little lawyer, in terrified tones. "This canoe can never ride through a gale with us, and the raft can."

"B'gosh, look there!" exclaimed Jerry impulsively.

He pointed at the raft. Isaacs had disappeared from it. A moment afterward they saw him floundering in the water where he had been flung by the shock arising from the breaking of the gale upon the creaking raft. A thrill of joy passed over the naval cadet.

"Now is our chance to regain the raft!" he exclaimed.

And they rapidly paddled the tossing canoe toward it. They were none too soon, for the waves were beginning now to breach over the

canoe, filling it up. Isaacs was a good swimmer, but his illness made him weak, and when they got upon the raft they saw that it was a hard struggle for him to keep himself afloat.

"He is a dangerous person to have about here," said Frank, in pitying tones, "but I hate to see him drown like a dog before my eyes, without offering to lend him a helping hand."

"Jerusha, Frank, but what on airth can we do?" gasped Jerry.

"He will be so weak if we haul him out that he won't be able to offer much resistance," the boy replied, picking up a rope.

"For Heaven's sake, don't get him back here!" yelled the lawyer, in terrified tones. "He will surely murder us if you do."

"What! Going back on your friend this way?" sneered Frank.

He made a slipnoose in the end of the rope, and cast it with the expertness of a lassoist over the swimmer. Pulling it taut, he dragged Isaacs over to the raft, and with Jerry's assistance pulled him upon it. The surly skipper was too exhausted to move. They easily bound him again, and tying him to the raft, they left him to recover as best he could. Higher rolled the waves every moment, and they hastened to lash their few possessions fast, so the bellowing waters could not carry them over into the turbid sea.

The hour of midnight came and went, the darkness increased frightfully, and the waters hissed with fearful sounds. Hour after hour passed by, the unfortunate castaways filled with intense anxiety, and wondering what their fate was to be. No sleep came to their eyes throughout the horrid night, but the worst fury of the storm expended itself. A few hours before daybreak a dark object loomed up before them, and there came a cry from Frank:

"Look out! We are being run down by a ship!"

Crash! came the shock, a moment afterward. The vessel struck the raft bow on, and tore away part of the frail support, left the rest of it in a badly shattered condition, and passed on into the gloom. Fortunately none of the four was injured, although the shock they got filled them with terror.

"Help! Help!" shrieked Frank, at the top of his voice, in hope that the crew of the vessel would hear them and coming about pick them up.

No reply was vouchsafed, however, nor did the dark craft return, and the boy turned his attention to the damage. It would not take much effort to destroy the raft entirely now, for it was greatly weakened by the contusion.

"Jerry!" he exclaimed. "Help me to fix this!"

"Oh, Lord!" groaned the stowaway, "air she all braoke up?"

"Badly smashed, and part of her carried away."

"This air tew bad, tew bad! What can I dew, Frank?"

"Hold these plank ends while I lash them together."

"If this air accident happened durin' the wust of the staorm," commented Jerry, "yeou can depend that there wouldn't be any tew much of the raft tew haold us up."

They mended the broken ends as best they could, and day finally dawned upon the dismal scene, and the storm vanished. To their delight

they found that the raft had been driven near the mainland, although what country it was, they had no idea. Frank was the first to discover it.

"Land ho! Land ho!" he cried gladly.

"By thunder, so it is!" ejaculated O'Bagshot.

"Thanks be tew Peter, we air saved!" cried Jerry.

Filled with joy, the unfortunates wept. The land was about a mile away, and Frank exclaimed:

"I'll get in the canoe, fasten a tow line to the raft, and drag it in toward the coast, as we have no sail left."

"You can't!" exclaimed Jerry, glancing around.

"Why not?"

"Because the canoe wuz lost in the storm!"

CHAPTER X.—Two Human Sacrifices.

There was nothing on the raft with which they could propel it to land now, but the distance was not so great that the boy despaired, so he ripped up a couple of the planks. Using them as paddles, after a most arduous task they finally managed to beach their frail support upon the sandy shore. Although unaware of their location, they had landed upon the Travancore coast of India, midway between Cape Comorin and the city of Trivandrum, at the base of the Western Ghaut Mountains.

It was one of the most lonely and desolate parts of the Malabar coast, yet to the unfortunate castaways it seemed a veritable paradise after their long sojourn upon the raft. The shore was bordered by palms and umbrageous mango topes, among which were fig trees, breadfruits, edible pines, plantains, limes, custar apples and various kinds of melons.

Upon the strand they saw numbers of great turtles basking in the sun, the air swarmed with mosquitoes, flying bugs, butterflies, locusts, and myriads of beetles, while among the shrubbery they saw numbers of pheasants, jungle fowl, parrots, flamingoes and bulbuls. A small marshy stream emptied into the sea a short distance away from where the raft lay, its sluggish waters overgrown with tangled vines and tree branches, among which played numbers of monkeys, while down among the sodden leaves and twigs on the stream floated the gigantic bodies of several crocodiles.

Some distance back among the shrubbery they saw the top of a house, and in the distance heard the shouts of people, by which they knew they were close to some settlement. By this time Isaacs had regained his senses, and although he was very weak, he was better, and they made him as comfortable as possible, after which Frank said to the lawyer:

"Jerry and I are going back to the village we see the house of yonder, and you had better remain here with Isaacs on the raft, in case of an emergency."

"But you will come back and let us know if there is any place we can go to get away from here?" pleaded O'Bagshot.

"Of course we will," replied the boy.

He then walked away with Jerry, and plunging in among the shrubbery.

In a short time they came in sight of several huts of a poor class of Hindoos, made of bamboo poles, plastered with mud and thatched with palm leaves. They had hardly caught sight of them when they heard the hurried patter of footfalls among the undergrowth all about, and turning swift glances around, they were startled to find themselves hemmed in on all sides by a large party of natives. They were well-proportioned men with very dark skin, clad only in a sort of skirt, some wearing head dresses and armlets, while every one of them was armed with knives and spears.

They were a party of Khonds, or devil-worshippers—a race who preserved the primitive religion of Hindostan. Forced into the jungles and mountains by the victorious advance of the Aryan race from the northwest, they settled in the most inaccessible retreats, sacrificing human beings to their malignant deities, such as Siva, the Destroyer, the goddess Kali, and the God of Earth, and always preferring young people. Unaware of the hostility of the natives at first, the two boys calmly faced them and sized them up, when like the rush of an avalanche they came upon the castaways.

"Look out! They are enemies!" cried Frank, recoiling.

"Run!" answered Jerry. "They air tew many for us!"

Before they could get away, the Khonds reached them, and shouting fiercely in their own language, set upon the boys. It was useless to fight against such overwhelming numbers, and the boys did not passively submit to capture, yet their struggles amounted to nothing as they were soon overpowered. Flung down on the ground, they were bound hand and foot, and amid a general rejoicing of the natives, were carried to the adjacent village. The houses were widely scattered, and were buried in the midst of the densest shrubbery. Within a clearing near the stream stood the stumps of two palm trees about six feet high, and to these the boys were bound.

"What under heaven do they mean to do to us now, I wonder?" gasped Frank, as soon as they were left alone.

"Kill us, I suppose," groaned Jerry, in doleful tones.

"What race of people do you imagine they are?"

"I am sure I don't know."

Never dreaming of the terrible fate to which they were to be subjected, the two boys were kept there all day, guarded by several of the natives, who stripped them to the waist, and all the time kept anointing their bodies with some kind of oil. As dusk a large crowd assembled, and a procession was then formed, headed by the head priest, or Zani, and marched around the idol of that locality, called Zacari-Pnoo, to which flowers and incense were offered through the mediation of a child, under seven years old, nourished and dressed at the expense of the community. The child, called the Zoomba, was considered sacred. A ditch was dug at the foot of the stakes Frank and Jerry were tied to, and the priest—a man of great age, with a white, flowing

beard—raised his hands over the boys for the last time, and cried, in his native tongue:

"We offer you, oh, god, these sacrifices, give us favorable seasons, rich harvests and good health!"

The multitude began to dance around the two boys to the sound of their native music and the words of their barbaric hymns. When this ended, every one began to whet their knives, and turned their eyes toward the east, awaiting in silence for the moon to rise, as a signal for them to proceed with their orgie. The rest of the ghastly tragedy to be enacted was as follows:

As soon as the moon appeared above the mountain top, the whole dusky crowd would rush at the two boys, each one eager to be the first to slash a piece of flesh from their living victims. The priest usually deposits his at the foot of the idol of Siva, but each of the people bears his piece off to his own home, to bury, in order to propitiate his deity and obtain favor and plenty. The heads of their victims are never touched, for it is buried with the bones on the spot, and a buffalo is usually sacrificed there when the ceremony ends, amid dancing and festivity. And this was the fate reserved for the two boys. The moment the moon appeared they were to be cut to pieces, while alive.

Frank and Jerry watched the ceremonial going on around them with the utmost curiosity. But suddenly something happened that was not on the programme. A vast horde of savages appeared and a battle royal began. The enemy was in vast numbers. Frank and Jerry were left to themselves and they immediately ran to the thick tropical jungle and made their way toward the seacoast. Just as they emerged on the shore they saw that the raft and its two occupants were nowhere to be seen. And what was worse, a party of Khonds now appeared and made for them.

CHAPTER XI.—Driven to Sea.

The two boys were excited, for they knew that if the oncoming Khonds got hold of them now, they would kill them anyway.

"Laord help us!" panted Jerry, "the raskills air all around us, and there be only one way tew go, an' that air intew the sea."

"Perhaps we might be able to secrete ourselves among the dense shrubbery lining yonder stream. Anyway, we must get into the sea. Come on, we might be able to swim up the stream afterward," replied Frank, starting for the shore.

Just then their pursuers burst from the shrubbery. A wild yell told that they saw the boys. Not losing a moment, the castaways plunged boldly into the surf and disappeared from the view of the Khonds. Pushing down to the seashore, the Hindoos eagerly watched the moonlit sea for them, but the sagacious boys had taken care to swim under water as far as possible. They only came to the surface long enough to catch a breath of air, and then went under again. By this means they managed to escape the sight of their enemies, and finally got out of their range.

The Khonds must have finally come to the conclusion that the boys were drowned, for they went away without firing a shot. Upon seeing this, the

two plucky castaways headed for the mouth of the stream, and finally swam up into it.

"They're gone now!" exclaimed Frank, as he swam along beside the stowaway. "We had better make a landing up the stream. We can't stay here forever."

"What in thunder has become of the raft, I wonder?" panted Jerry. "I suppose O'Bagshot and Isaacs have found a means of working it and have deserted us," glumly answered Frank.

They passed into the mouth of the stream. It was very dark on account of the meeting foliage overhead. Headed for the left-hand embankment, they landed upon a marshy shore, and stood listening a moment. Nothing but the rumbling of the surf, the hum of insects and the cries of birds and beasts met their ears.

"Look out for the crocodiles!" whispered Frank.

"Which way be yeou a-goin' naow?" queried Jerry softly.

"We had better lurk about here till daylight." "Hush! I hear voices!"

They listened again and heard the tones of some men coming from amid the shrubbery near at hand. Creeping toward them, they parted the bushes and peered through.

"The raft!" exclaimed Frank delightedly.

There it lay close to the shore, O'Bagshot and Isaacs on it talking, for the skipper was feeling much better. His plunge into the sea, instead of injuring him, on account of the delirious fever he had been in, proved to have helped him, for he was now over it, and the nourishment he got hastened his recovery. The two hunted boys approached the raft.

"O'Bagshot!" exclaimed Frank.

"Great Scott! Who is that?" demanded the little man.

Just then he saw the boys and looked relieved.

"Why did you bring the raft up here?" asked Jerry angrily.

"Blame me for orderin' him ter do it," growled Isaacs. "We heard ther sound o' savages' voices, an' bein' as I wuz too sick a man ter do anything, I thought it safer to hide in here."

"The natives caught us," said Frank, "and they were going to murder us when some enemies attacked them, and we made our escape. This is a very dangerous locality. I wish we were upon the sea again."

"We can go whenever you please, if that is the case," said O'Bagshot eagerly.

"I don't see how, since Isaacs destroyed our sail."

"I've procured a new one; see here!" eagerly said the little lawyer, pointing to a large piece of matting lying on the raft.

"Where did you get that?"

"Found it washed up by the waves on shore."

"How fortunate! It will be easy to rig a new jury-mast now, as there are plenty of ropes on that raft!" exclaimed Frank.

He sent Jerry into the woods to cut some poles, and then anxiously examined the broken end of the raft. Four of the empty casks remained, two having been broken away, with considerable planking. Yet there were gratings, boards and timbers enough left to keep them afloat, and the boy lashed them all firmly together again, reducing the size of the raft, but still leaving plenty of

room for them to move about. When Jerry returned with the poles and the slender trunk of a young tree, a new jury-mast was erected, booms were made of some of the poles, the old matting sail—probably lost from a junk or felucca—was lashed to them, and the sail was raised.

Fortunately, the rough rudder Frank had made yet remained, and they had one of the casks full of water and plenty fruit. The raft was then moved down nearer the seashore, and while Jerry and O'Bagshot slept, Frank and Isaacs remained awake, the boy keeping watch, and the sick man deeply thinking. A long interval of silence followed. Then Frank hurried to the skipper, and said:

"You have heard our description of the natives who attacked us, Simon Isaacs? Now, what nation do you imagine they belong to? You are an old traveler and ought to know."

The captain of the burned *Flying Yankee* darted a quick glance at the boy, and then replied:

"I dunno. But it seems ter me they must be Hindoos."

"You think, then, that we are on the coast of India?"

"Very likely. The storm must have driven the raft past Ceylon."

"Great heavens! How we have been driven from sea to sea on this raft! What is to be our ultimate fate? Are we to remain lost on the raft forever? It seems almost as if we were under a curse, like that of Vander Decken, the Flying Dutchman."

The captain scowled, for a pang of remorse passed over him. Was what Frank said prophetic? Was this the result of his sins? He turned his head away, and, closing his eyes, he refused to speak to the boy any further, and Frank fell into a brown study. Toward daybreak several natives appeared among the shrubbery on the opposite shore, and after an excited discussion hastened away, for they had seen the raft. Frank observed their actions and aroused his companions.

"Wake up! Wake up! The savages are upon us!" he cried.

Every one was aroused. It was evident to Frank that the natives had gone for help. The two boys poled the raft out of the stream into the sea, for they realized the danger of remaining where they were. Not much wind was blowing, but it caught the rude sail, and drifted the raft far from land, Frank managing the rudder. Straight out upon the Indian Ocean the boy steered the raft, and presently looking back, an expression of alarm flashed over his sunburned face, and he exclaimed:

"We are being pursued!"

The rest glanced back landward. A number of peculiar, canoe-shaped boats were coming after them, filled with natives, the bows of the vessels rising high in a curve, an oval cabin of matting, forward, and the mast and sail placed far aft. They were swift sailors, and rapidly began to overhaul the raft.

A storm was coming up, and a waterspout was seen afar off. The natives saw it also, and alarmed, put their canoes about and set off for the island. In a little while the storm struck the raft and it was tossed about like an eggshell.

CHAPTER XII.—An Explosion.

The storm raged fiercely for eight days, during which time the poor castaways had but little rest, sleep or food, but it finally spent its fury and died away. Left tossing upon the waves, all racked to pieces again, the wretched raft floated beneath the sunlit sky as peacefully as if it had never passed through such a trying ordeal, its unhappy crew sick at heart, and exhausted in body.

"Where are we now?"

It was Frank who made the doleful query. He had erected the mast and sail, and stood clinging to the post with one hand, and shading his eyes with the other, while he scanned the broad expanse of water in all directions. Not a sail or sight of land met his view. Everywhere the sea glittered in the sunlight like a sheet of burnished copper and overhead the sky was unflecked by a cloud. Isaacs arose and glanced around.

"The wind is comin' from ther southeast," he remarked.

"Do you think we are in the Arabian Sea yet?" asked Frank.

"No, ther storm drove from north, north-east, but the wind has shifted."

"Where would it have sent us to?"

"In ther direction o' Madagascar, off ther African coast."

"We must have been driven hundreds of miles, then?"

"Might be somewhere near ther Mahee or Almirante islan's."

"Suppose we keep the raft before the wind?"

"Ther rudder's shivered to pieces, ain't it?"

"It's all gone, but I can fix one of these poles to take its place."

"Could try it. We might fetch up on ther African coast."

"Strange what fatality keeps us out of the course of ships."

"I don't think as we'll ever git picked up!" grumbled Isaacs.

Frank rigged up a rudder, and the clumsy raft readily obeyed it, whereupon they took turns steering before the wind, but made very slow progress. Isaacs had a pipe and some tobacco, which he dried out in the sun, and he ignited it with a small magnifying glass he had, in the afternoon, when the sun was going down. The lawyer held the tiller, and Frank and Jerry sat aside whispering.

"What did you dew with your mother's will, which he wuz so anxious to git, at ther sacrifice of yeour life?" queried the stowaway.

"I've got it in my pocket," whispered Frank. "The paper was not so large that I could not fold it up into a roll small enough to stuff into a metal match-box I carried."

"He thinks yeou destroyed it, deon't he?"

"So I told him to stop his attacks."

"But he thinks that if he is saved, an' yeou die, he can git the fortune yeour ma left when she died."

"That's why he tried so desperately to murder me on several other occasions," said Frank.

"Is that so?"

"But I had a talk with him one day, and let him see that if he murdered me, you and O'Bagshot

would have to be murdered, too, for safety's sake."

"Haow dew yeou mean?"

"Why, either of you might expose his villainy ere he could get his hands upon the money, and he would swing for his crime."

"Tew be sure!"

"Since then he has not molested me. But I am sure that if he can get a chance to put me out of the way without being detected, he will endeavor to do so."

"I'll keep my eye on him, b'gosh."

"For my part, Jerry, I never relax my vigilance, for it never occurred to me to trust him. I won't give him a chance to take me off my guard, and he knows it. I've caught him looking at me murderously enough several times. Still he hasn't done anything wrong yet."

"Still waters runs deep," quoted Jerry warningly. "When yeou air least lookin' for an attack then's the taime he'll soak yeou."

Isaacs paid no attention to the boys, but sat on the edge of the raft, with his feet hanging over, puffing away at his pipe and kicking on the head of one of the casks beneath. A piece of it was knocked in, and the fumes of whisky reached his nostrils, whereupon he stooped over and peered in. Then he inserted his arm in the opening, and when he withdrew his hand, it was wet with the remains of liquor with which the cask had once been filled. About a quart of dirty whisky remained in the cask. An eager look crossed the captain's rugged face, and taking a tin cup, he scooped up some of the fiery liquid and drank it.

"Excellent!" he muttered joyfully. "Too bad as we didn't know afore as it was here. I'll treat O'Bagshot."

Robin O'Bagshot was a noted toper when ashore, and he was as much overjoyed as the captain was over the discovery. He took his share of the stuff and called for more. Neither Frank nor Jerry knew what they were drinking and thought it was water, of course. Jerry took the lawyer's place at the helm. In the meantime the shadows of night settled down on the calm sea, and the full moon began to arise. Isaacs and O'Bagshot would not budge from the cask until they had scooped up every drop of the whisky and drank it. Not being accustomed in a long time to drinking the fumes of the stuff soon mounted to their heads. They became uproariously drunk. The whisky loosened their tongues, and they kept up a most incessant chatter of conversation, which awakened Frank.

First they were very jolly. Jokes were cracked at each other, and they laughed and sang, and told each other funny stories, danced breakdowns and made fun of their troubles. Then they became pathetic and wept, their voices became husky, and they hiccupped incessantly. Presently this mood changed. Isaacs became surly, the lawyer got sarcastic, and they quarreled, disputed and swore at each other. This did not last long, however, for both got in a fighting mood and began to pummel, kick and punch each other. When they had enough of this, they got sick at their stomachs, shook hands, and swore eternal friendship.

"What ails them—have they both become crazy?" gasped Frank.

"B'gosh, it looks tew me as if they wuz bilin' drunk," said Jerry.

"Where could they get the liquor to turn their brains?"

"I swar I daon't knaow."

Isaacs grasped his tin cup, and brandished it over his head.

"Have anuzzzer ball wiz me," said he.

"Don't—hic—care 'f I—hic—do," replied O'Bagshot.

The captain puffed at his pipe, which he had kept lit all this time by reloading it with tobacco, and stooped over. He lay flat on the raft and peered into the cask, with his pipe in his mouth, dabbed inside for more of the whisky, failed to find it, and striking the pipe against the edge of the cask, the bowl broke off. Down fell the pipe into the whisky cask. Isaacs swore, and arising, staggered across the raft to O'Bagshot.

"Ain't none left!" he growled.

At that moment the fire from the broken pipe touched the moistened interior of the cask and a blue flame sprang up. The next instant the cask burst, with a terrific explosion, and set the adjoining tar-lined cask afire. A moment afterwards all of that end of the raft burst into flames, and with the cries of Frank and Jerry ringing in their ears, the two drunken men were startled into half sobriety.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Last of the Raft.

"The raft is afire! The raft is afire!" shouted Frank, in horror.

"Jerusha! Haow could this a-happened?" groaned Jerry.

Isaacs and the little lawyer had recoiled from the flames and stood, side by side, gazing at the fire in blank dismay. With the explosion of the whisky cask, the rest of the broken end had been blown out, and the spirit soaked wood of the interior burned with a blue light, while clouds of black smoke curled up from the adjoining tarred cask which now caught afame. All of one end of the raft was afire. O'Bagshot and the skipper were partially sobered up by the occurrence. In the blue light of the cloudless, starry sky and full moon the glow of the flames presented a beautiful but appalling sight. Frank and Jerry were as pale as death. The cadet sprang in front of the dazed captain.

"How did this happen?" panted the boy hoarsely.

"I foun' some whisky in that cask," stammered Isaacs.

"You were both drunk from drinking it?"

"I reckon so!"

"Who started the fire?"

"I did."

"How?"

"Lookin' in ther cask fer more liquor, holdin' my pipe in my mouth. I recollect the bowl broke off, an' fell in ther cask. The tobacco was lit, an' touched off ther spirits."

"You have ruined us, man! Don't you see there's no sign of a sail, and no land in sight?"

Isaacs turned pale.

"Can't we put out the fire?" he asked hoarsely. He had no expectation of being saved, if the

raft was burned up, for he had calculated they were somewhere off the east coast of Africa. The heat that arose made the hot air almost unbearable.

"We can't do anything but splash water on the flames," said Frank.

Forlorn as this hope was, they eagerly seized upon it, and getting down in the water, sent up showers of the salt brine. The small quantity of water they were able to splash up hardly sufficed to do any good, for the heat kept them at too great a distance from the raft to make their work effective.

"It is useless to waste our time and strength here!" Frank cried at last. "The fire is spreading all over the raft now. Let us try to get some support while we can. The raft is lost!"

The heat from the spirits had dried out the upper planks, and was licking greedily over them now, bringing back vividly to their minds the night when they were driven adrift from the Flying Yankee by the fire that succeeded the collision with the steamer. Frank swam to the raft and got on her. There was an ax lying upon one of the gratings, and he seized it, and swinging it around his head, brought it down with crash after crash upon the burning planks. All around him the scorching flames were crackling, dense clouds of smoke arose to the sky, and his feet and body were blistered.

But with the energy and determination of despair, he endured the agony, and worked on, never complaining, the splinters flying in all directions, as boards, planks, beams, boxes and casks were cut loose. In a few moments the sea was littered with debris. So agonizing had the heat become, that he could not remain there any longer. The three others had seized upon the floating articles, each one gathering as many as he could, to hold up his body. Frank was forced to spring overboard. He saw that he had secured enough of the raft to keep them all afloat, but it would now be only a question of time how soon they would perish this way.

"Frank!" cried Jerry. "Come here!"

The stowaway had secured one of the uninjured casks, to which a plank yet remained nailed, and had gathered several pieces of spar and a grating, to which some pieces of rope remained attached.

"Are you all right?" the cadet panted eagerly.

"Tew be sure. There air room for baoth here."

"What's in the cask that sinks it so low?"

"All there be left o' the water. If it wuzn't half sunk, it would roll."

"That's lucky. Help me to tie these things together."

With the fragments of rope they found, the debris was secured to the cask, and they were then enabled to straddle it. With ropes they bound themselves to their frail support, and glancing off at Isaacs and the lawyer, saw that they were imitating their example with the planks they had secured. By this time the entire remainder of the raft was in a hissing mass of flames, that cast a ruddy glow over the sea. Fast and furious raged the fire in a brilliant conflagration that rose high in the air, casting out myriads of sparks and flying cinders among the dense clouds of uppouring smoke.

"Frank Grey! Frank Grey!" shouted Isaacs.

"What do you want?" questioned the boy.

"Did you save any o' ther food?"

"Not a particle."

"Then we will starve to death!"

"Very likely, captain."

Isaacs groaned and shuddered, for he did not forget their last terrible experience of being without food. He and the lawyer paddled their wretched support over near the boys with their hands, and, seeing the cask, he cried:

"Isn't that the water you've got there?"

"It is," replied the boy.

"Then we're better off than I thought."

"We may be if the sea water don't get into it."

"Let us stay close to each other, anyway, Grey."

The fire on the raft had now reached the height of its rage and illumined everything as brightly as if the sun shone down. Frank glanced around anxiously, but saw no sail.

"We must be continually drifting out of the regular course of ships," he murmured. "I don't believe we'll escape this ordeal alive!"

"B'gosh, there daon't seem tew be much haope for us naow," said Jerry, in doleful tones. "Why did I ever run away from hum?"

His repentance, like that of all boys who are foolish enough to leave their good homes, came too late. Isaacs and O'Bagshot had entirely sobered up, and the little lawyer was weeping and sniveling.

"If I die, you'll be to blame for it, Simon Isaacs!" he whined. "You had no right to abduct me, sir. I was a fool to have anything to do with such a rascal as you are! Ah, well, as the Latin has it, hominis est errare—in other words, sir, it is common for a man to err, and—"

"Shut up, you driveler!" snarled the captain brutally. "If you give me any more o' yer back talk, I'll break yer neck, see! It's bad enough ter be nipped this way, without a-havin' you a-preachin', an' a-snivelin', an' a-sayin' sassy things ter me!"

The fire burned the raft to pieces, each moment getting smaller and smaller, until at last it went out, and nothing remained but a few charred embers, floating on the surface of the rolling sea. Slowly the dreary night passed away, and when the first gray streaks of dawn began to break in the eastern skies, Frank was reclining in Jerry's arms, fast asleep.

CHAPTER XIV.—A Rascal's Desperate Deed.

"Sail ho! Sail ho! Jerry, wake up!"

"Gol durn my sister's cat's tail, it be a ship!"

"Ship ahoy, thar! Cuss yer, bear down this way!"

"Oh, dear me, Isaacs—are we to be saved?"

It was late on the following afternoon. The sun was just disappearing on the horizon. A majestic ship, under full sail, was rapidly bearing down upon the four castaways from the northeast. With eager, burning glances they watched its approach, and to their infinite joy saw that it was coming straight toward them, favored by a stiff beam-wind. Scarcely able to restrain their terrible impatience, the four unfortunates screamed and waved their arms to attract the

crew of the ship, long before it was in speaking distance. But they were seen by the lookout. He had passed the word to the officers. And the ship was steered straight for them.

"Ship ahoy!" screamed Frank.

"Ahoy!" came the faint reply.

"Save us, for mercy's sake!"

"We will pick you up."

"Thank God! oh, thank God!" gasped the boy.

This sentiment was fervently echoed by all the rest, for it was the first ship which they had spoken in many long days. Tears sprang to their eyes, and ran down their wan, pinched faces—tears of joy and gratitude which they could not repress. Salvation was ahead of them. It came just when they were most despairing. The sudden revulsion of feeling overwhelmed them so that they nearly fainted from excess of happiness over their good fortune. Nearer came the ship, until it was close to them, when they saw that it was a fine-looking merchant vessel of great tonnage, under a full head of canvas, and upon the bow was painted the name of Flora Hope, U. S. A. It was evidently an American craft.

The crew were all clustered at the bulwarks, gazing down at the castaways with the most intense curiosity, and as she hove up into the wind's eye, with flapping canvas, a quarter-boat was lowered from the davits, manned by three men, and pulled for them. Two sailors rowed it and the captain sat in the stern sheets. The castaways were picked up. It was some time ere they could realize the fact that they were no longer drifting along at the mercy of the wind and waves from the very jaws of death, but when they did, they acted insanely. By the time they got aboard of the ship though, they became rational enough to give Tom Hope, the skipper, an account of themselves, and their immediate wants were gratified.

Food was all they craved. It seemed as if they were different beings when their ravenous appetites were appeased, and they had put themselves in decent clothing and left the hands of the barber. The captain of the ship profoundly pitied them. His craft was bound for New York from the east coast of Africa and he heartily consented to take them back home again. He was filled with amazement over the wonderful story of their adventures, and being a kindly man, did everything in his power to make the unfortunates as comfortable as possible.

"We will gladly work our passage," said Frank.

"Rest yourselves," replied Captain Hope cheerily. "When you have recovered from your privations you may take your trick with my crew, but not before that."

So the days passed by, our castaways rapidly recovered under the good care they got, the ship rounded the cape and entered the Atlantic in due time, headed northward for home. It was not long before the castaways recovered their health and strength under the good care they got on board of the Flora Hope and they readily joined the crew and worked their passage. Frank and Jerry soon made friends with every one, but the whining little lawyer was generally despised, and Simon Isaacs' surly disposition soon won him every one's hatred.

He was shunned by all but his friend, O'Bag-

shot, and did not take the trouble to try to make friends with the crew. In due course of time the ship reached the American coast with fair weather most of the way, and turned northward. On the night she passed Cape Hatteras it was dark and gloomy. The captain expected to make port on the following morning, and as the doleful sound of the ship's bell pealed out, he left the watch on deck, and parting with Frank at his cabin door, he went inside to turn in. Frank had not told any one about Isaacs' attempt upon his life, but made up his mind to have the rascal arrested as soon as they reached New York. He walked over to the port side of the ship and leaned on the bulwarks under one of the lanterns meditatively.

"Isaacs looked nervous to-day when I said to him that we were nearing the city from which he abducted me!" the cadet muttered softly. "He knew what I meant by that—I could see the guilty start he gave. He fears that I will expose his villainy. He did not expect such a return to port as this when he abducted me aboard of the Flying Yankee."

The boy drew a large-sized water-proof match box from his pocket, and took from it a much folded piece of paper. It was his mother's last will and testament which she had caused to be made out by O'Bagshot just before she died, and the boy opened it out, and saw that in it she had bequeathed to him all her possessions.

"How anxious my mother's half-brother was to get hold of this paper!" the boy muttered. "He knew very well that if I were to die, he could lay claim to that fortune, and get it, too, if—"

"Gimme that paper!" growled a voice in his ear, just then.

'And—swish—went the will from his hand. He uttered a cry of alarm and turning around confronted Simon Isaacs, behind whom stood Robin O'Bagshot.

"Thief!" exclaimed the indignant boy.

"Shut up!" hissed Isaacs.

"I'll—"

Bang! Crash! Two blows fell upon the boy's head. They were delivered with a belaying-pin in Isaacs' hand. With a moan the cadet's eyes closed, and he fell, stunned, into Isaacs' arms.

"Heavens!" gasped O'Bagshot, with startling eyes. "What are you doing?"

"Keep still, yer fool! Is any one lookin'?"

"Not a soul! The watch is all up forward."

"Ay, an' ther quartermaster's fast asleep, aft!"

"Isaacs! For pity's sake, don't—"

"Hush!" hoarsely cried the skipper. "Now's my only chance ter put him out o' ther way afore we reaches port. He'd expose us!"

He raised Frank's limp body up in his arms.

"Don't—"

"Silence! Here goes ther brat!"

He hurled the boy down into the dark water.

"Mercy!" gasped the terrified lawyer.

"Squeal, an' I'll say you did it!" hissed Isaacs savagely.

"I won't!" stammered the little lawyer, as pale as death.

"Then help me deceive ther ship's company!"

He yelled, "Man overboard!" and the crew rushed up and flung over life preservers, the ship beat about in search of the boy, and Isaacs told

them Frank fell in accidentally, and the lawyer swore to it.

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

A week after the foregoing event occurred Robin O'Bagshot sat in his law office late in the afternoon, when the door opened and Jerry came in.

"By jingo, sir, this is a surprise! I thought you went home to Vermont, where you came from, when the ship reached New York?"

"Naow did yeou?" queried Jerry. "Waal, so I did, an' dang me if I didn't git the all-firedest wallopin' a critter ever ketched when I taold pop what had happened to me."

"What brought you back to this city, may I venture to ask?"

"A train o' kers, o' course."

"But what is your business here, I mean?"

"I'll tell you; pop brung me. He's here tew see the soights. I left him tew the haotel, an' he be a-goin' tew back me up wi' money tew find aout what yeou an' Isaacs done with Frank Grey. Pop's paowerful grateful to that air boy for all he done for me, he air, an' he's willin' tew spend some twenty dollars tew find aout if Frank met with faoul play."

"Very well, go ahead," calmly replied O'Bagshot.

Jerry nodded and withdrew. The Yankee boy had scarcely gone when Isaacs entered. Like the little lawyer, he wore a decent suit of clothes now, and showed but little sign of what he had passed through, except for his sunburned skin and bloodshot eyes.

"Waal, lawyer, what have yer done?" he growled, flinging himself into a chair, lighting his pipe and glaring at O'Bagshot.

"Nothing yet," replied the little lawyer nervously. "I am going to have the will filed for probate with the surrogate to-day. There can be no doubt that you will get the widow's fortune."

"I reckon I oughter. I've put Frank Grey where he can't rise up an' stop me a-gettin' this ere money, haven't I?"

"Jerry just left here, Isaacs."

"Wot does that young reptile want?"

"He swears he will prove that we killed his friend."

"How can he? Thar wuzn't no witnesses. Don't git chicken-hearted, lawyer. I ain't askeered. Drag us to court. We can prove as it wuz all a accident he fell overboard, can't we?"

"That's what we would swear to," admitted the little lawyer in shaky tones. "No one could prove to the contrary."

"Ay! Then let Jerry go ter blazes! Got ther will?"

"Yes, here it is," said O'Bagshot, producing it. "Dear me! I wish this confounded business was settled. Well, well, anyway as they say in Latin, *absens haeres non erit*. In other words, the absent person will not be the heir."

"Don't you think you are mistaken?"

"Hey?"

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

And into the room bounced Frank himself.

"Alive!" yelled Isaacs, rising so quick his chair fell down.

"We are lost!" groaned the startled lawyer, shivering with dread.

"Hooray!" yelled Jerry, dashing in after Frank.

"This paper—the will—is mine!" cried the cadiet.

"You'll never get it! I'll eat it first!"

"Never!" cried Frank.

He sprang at his enemy like a young tiger, and clutching him by the throat in a deadly grip, knocked him on the floor. Over and over they rolled, the skipper pounding at the boy with his clenched fists to try and make him let go. Frank stood the punishment bravely, and held on, however, and Jerry ran to his assistance and held the wretch. Like a vise Frank's fingers gripped the rascal's windpipe, and Isaacs began to get red in the face and gasp. He struggled and fought like a madman, but the two plucky boys clung to him tenaciously, and he was forced at last to disgorge the will.

Seeing that the game was up, the little lawyer rushed for the door, but to his horror, ran into the arms of a policeman whom Frank had accompanying him, and he was arrested. Snap! went a pair of handcuffs on his wrists, and as soon as the officer had him secured, he hastened in to the relief of the boys. A moment later Isaacs was handcuffed to the lawyer. Frank had secured the will as soon as it was disgorged, and in a few moments later the officer took his two men away in a police patrol wagon, armed with a warrant. Frank and his friend left the office, and went away together.

"By gum!" the Yankee boy cried, "who'd a thought yeou'd a-been saved?"

"Well," laughed Frank, "I was revived as soon as I fell in the water, and I found one of the life preservers flung overboard by the crew of the Flora Hope. I failed to see her, when you were searching for me, as she had not come anywhere near where I was, and the night was very dark. But an incoming steamer picked me up, and I've been living at police headquarters ever since, where I told my story. I did not expect to find you leaving O'Bagshot's office, just as I was coming to arrest the lawyer, nor did I expect to find Isaacs there."

Still everything had turned out for the best, and when Frank met Jerry's father, he found a stanch friend in him. Frank then parted with Jerry, for his enemies had been imprisoned for their various rascalities, and he returned to the naval school. Upon telling his story and proving it, Frank was reinstated as a student, and ultimately graduated and received an appointment as an officer in the United States Navy. He is there yet, a wealthy and respected commander, and his dearest friend is Jerry, now a farmer, while his two enemies languish in well deserved prison cells. Of all the adventures Frank Grey subsequently met with, however, none ever equaled those that occurred when he was Lost on a Raft and Driven from Sea to Sea.

Next week's issue will contain "TRUE AS STEEL; OR, BEN BRIGHT, THE BOY ENGINEER."

CURRENT NEWS

SMALL BOY'S GREAT WEIGHT

Leslie Drake, eleven years of age, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson Dake, of Fairland, Shelby County, Ind., is believed to weigh more than any other boy in Indiana of his age. The youngster, who is five feet tall, weighs 245 pounds. He was born at Brookfield in Moral Township and is now in the sixth grade at school.

JOKES CATALOGUED

The man who has a fresh stock of funny stories is always a popular dinner guest. But he who tells the same story twice is generally voted a bore and loses his chances of getting a good meal.

"I confess that I keep my little yarns on file," said the office worker, who puzzled his associates by the number of invitations he received. "When I read a good story I clip it, paste it on a card and then make notes from time to time on the places at which I have told it. In this way I never repeat."

COLLEGE MEN HIRE PIPES BROKEN IN

With the opening of the fall semester the professional pipe smoker has appeared upon the

campus. Breaking in a new pipe, as any genuine college man can assure you, is a most unpleasant task. Rather than break in his own new pipe the college boy will turn his pipe over to a pipe smoker. The owner generally pays \$2 or \$3 for this service. During the two weeks of "breaking in" he must supply the tobacco. The pipe smoker during the fall semester sometimes breaks in as many of a dozen pipes, and reaps considerable spending money.

EAGLE REFUSES TO LEAVE

The big American eagle wounded by a hunter near Martinsburg some time ago and brought to the coops of Assistant Game Warden W. G. Boyle, Altoona, Pa., for treatment, likes the place so well it refuses to leave.

Boyle and Game Warden Myers liberated the eagle, but it would not venture more than fifteen feet from the pen. They believe its wings were damaged by shot and will investigate.

Meanwhile the ration of two pounds was reduced in the hope of driving the bird to seek its own food in its native haunts.

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The Young Mail Carrier

—OR—

The Dangers Of The Postal Road

By WILLIAM WADE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

An angry yell behind and above him told the boy that his pursuers had arrived at the edge of the leap, and the question that at once arose in his mind was whether any of them would have the nerve to follow him. It was no ordinary service to call upon even a good horse to perform, and Tom doubted that many animals in the outlaws' collection would essay the leap, and, for that matter, he doubted that the riders cared to take such a chance.

An order rang out, and instantly some shots were fired, and the bullets spattered around Tom as he swam behind the horse. Then a single shot followed, and the horse neighed with pain, plunged forward madly in the water, and tore himself loose from Tom's hold.

The instant that the animal did this Tom had heard the hum of a bullet as it whizzed past his ear, and the red streak that appeared on the flank of the horse, right in line with the boy's head, told him plainly for whom the shot had been meant.

His foes on the top of the river bluff were determined to have him dead or alive, if possible, for, Tom reasoned, they guessed that he carried the telegraphic orders for Norcross with him, and the paper could be taken from his body as easily as in any other way.

Recognizing his extreme danger, Tom turned on his back and took one swift glance towards the bluff from which he had made his perilous leap. Sitting on their horses were his enemies, right at the very edge of the drop, and Tom noted that seven of them were resting quietly on their animals, while the eighth man was in the act of raising his Remington to his shoulder.

"That's their best marksman," thought the boy, and at once took in a deep breath, gave a kick of his legs, and disappeared under the water, which was quite deep.

Keeping his eyes open, and still bearing towards the distant shore, Tom swam under water for several feet, and when he felt that he could hold his breath no longer he did not allow himself to bob up to the surface, but, turning over, he floated to it, permitted only his mouth to come above the water, took in one quick supply of fresh air, and then went down again. He knew that eight pair of eyes were watching for him to reappear, and that just as soon as he showed on the surface long enough for the marksman to take aim he would be fired upon.

He remained under as long as possible, and

was about to repeat his former idea of getting a supply of fresh air, when suddenly such a heavy discharge of firearms rang out that the noise was heard by the boy before he came to the surface.

Tom knew that this meant something new and allowed his head to appear for an instant above the water while he looked around him.

His first glance was towards the bluff.

He saw the outlaws spurting madly away from the spot, two of them riding beside the marksman and holding him up in his saddle, and then Tom instinctively turned his eyes towards the other shore. There stood no less than thirty mounted men, armed with Remington rifles and pistols, and the boy at once realized that the volley that he heard even under water had been fired by these men, and that at least one of the outlaws had been wounded by this discharge.

He saw familiar faces among them, and at once recognized the sheriff and Donald Cameron. The boy was at once recognized by the sheriff's posse, and the hearty voice of the leader called to him to come across.

Five minutes later Tom scrambled out upon the shelving bank on the other side of the stream, just as one of the posse came forward leading the cavalry horse, which had only been slightly wounded.

"All right, Tom?" cried Bill Bossert, the big sheriff, coming forward with outstretched hand.

"Pretty wet, but all right," responded Tom.

"Well, kid, I guess we just arrived in time to save your goose from being cooked by those rascals," said the sheriff. "Did you see the one I clipped?"

"That was their sharpshooter."

"Exactly, and he was training his rifle on some bubbles that told just where you were coming up, and he would have potted you just as sure as fate."

"I didn't think of the bubbles," said Tom.

"He could see you and trail your course under the water by means of those bubbles of air," said the sheriff. "A certain amount of air must have clung to your clothing, and it kept coming up and marking your course. Just as I saw the fellow raising his rifle I took a snap shot at him, and then the rest of the posse fired at the bunch. Those rascals were so intent on watching your course under water that they never noticed us riding down to the river, so I guess they must have wanted you for something of importance."

"They did. I've got a telegram for Captain Norcross to get after them with his cavalry, and they knew that I had the paper and wanted to see what orders it contained."

"I see. And when is Captain Norcross ordered to start?"

"At once."

"Good. I will help in the matter and I'll try to even up scores with Dan Despard for sending me fifty miles away on a false scent. Are you going straight to Silver City, Tom?"

"Yes, sir."

(To be continued.)

FROM ALL POINTS

CAMPAIGN AGAINST RABBITS

Since January, Grant county, Washington, has held 25 rabbit drives with a total of 98,950 killed. The rabbits ate up 4,000 acres of grain this summer at Moses Lake. In six months the Department of Agriculture distributed, free, 600 ounces of strychnine and one ounce of this poison destroyed 1,329 rabbits in a single field. There is a movement for winter shipment of frozen rabbits to cities for free distribution among the poor.

GIRL LIGHTS ON ENGINE PILOT

While Edith Pembleton, aged 14, was passing over a grade crossing of the Erie Railroad, Middletown, N. Y., she was struck by a west-bound express.

The engineer was unaware that he had struck any one and had run a quarter of a mile when the train was flagged, and what he had taken for a paper on the pilot of the engine was found to be the girl. She is suffering from a fractured skull and other severe injuries, but may recover.

Her dress had caught on the pilot in such a manner as to prevent her from falling off.

THE ANGLING APE

"The angling ape of Java," said a naturalist, "has bushy white whiskers. He looks like a little old man."

"This fellow derives his name from his habit of angling for crabs with his tail. A comical sight it is to see him at work. He sits down and, with a sad and anxious look, dangles his long tail in one of the seashore pools where crabs abound.

"He hasn't a great while to wait, as a rule, and, unlike some anglers, he always knows when he's got a bite. With a yowl of pain he then whisks his tail, with the crab feeding on it busily, out of the water. He dashes the crab against a stone and breaks its shell. Then he begins his meal.

"But the angling ape's meal isn't one of unalloyed enjoyment, for every minute or so he has to pause and caress his lacerated tail and whine over it plaintively."

SHARK-HUNTING AS A TRADE.

Sharks in the waters along the British Columbia coast are to be turned into leather, liver oil, fertilizer, jewelry and finally dollars, according to plans of Sidney Ruck, head of the Consolidated Whaling Company, who has resigned to launch the new industry. Organization of the new company has been completed, and the reducing plant will be erected on the Alberni Canal.

Shark-fishing, like whaling, is to be carried on along the west coast of Vancouver Island, where Mr. Ruck says examination has shown that the huge sun sharks, some of them weighing 2,000 pounds, race up and down in schools of thousands. Recently one of the coasting steamers reported running into a solid mass of these big fellows.

Fishing for the sharks will be carried on after

the fashion of whaling, with harpoons shot from guns.

Livers from some of the big sun sharks, which are 60 to 65 per cent. oil, yield up to 20 gallons of the finest shark oil. It is used for medical purposes and lubrication of delicate mechanisms. Livers of the smaller mud sharks, found in the waters between the island and the mainland, yield about 10 gallons of oil.

Teeth of sharks are in great demand for the manufacture of necklaces, it is stated, owing to a new fad in neck ornament which recently developed.

The fins are almost pure gelatine. They are cured and sold to Orientals, who use them in preparation of table delicacies. Membranes and intestines are turned into gloves, glue and gut; blood and flesh into chicken food and fertilizers. The head is a solid mass of cartilage glue.

The most valuable part of the fish is the skin, which has the toughness of vulcanized rubber. The outer surface is as rough as sandpaper. This is taken off by acid treatment, and the skin is tanned.

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HARRY E. WOLFF, 166 W. 23d St., New York

The Last Dive.

By PAUL BRADDON.

"Like a sheer, dead hulk, sir!" roared the old quartermaster at the wheel, in answer to the first lieutenant's query as to how the frigate headed.

She was the big American ship, the Guerriere. For just ten seconds all her canvas, even to her royals, rattled, and her long yards sent forth a sort of ghostly creak. Then she lay in a dead calm—there off the Central Archipelago, Pacific Ocean, with an island and rocks a half mile ahead of her.

At the quartermaster's remark one of the boatswain's mates—a dark, evil-looking fellow, with a cast in his eye—muttered to himself, unheard by those about him:

"Something besides the frigate will be a dead hulk 'fore long if I have the chance I hope for to carry out my plan."

Black and full of hatred was the sidelong gaze which he directed toward the handsome first lieutenant, Mr. Jack Winthrop, as he spoke.

"Ay!" he continued, as a beautiful young girl, the daughter of Lieutenant Hall of the marines, now standing near the starboard quarter rail, directed a soft, shy glance at the young first officer, "look your last upon him! There will be no wedding aboard here between you and him when the ship reaches Java. Mischief take him! He will have me broken, will he, and put into the safe-guard—me, Ben Wright, simply because I flogged that rascal, Tom Dalton, so hard with the 'cat' as to nearly drive the breath out of his body! He deserved it for striking me. But along comes that first luff, Jack Winstrop, and blows me up like—for layin' on so hard, and I know that he's a-goin' to have me broke if he can. We'll see about that!" he added, fumbling at something round in the breast pocket of his shirt.

This was a slungshot—a rough piece of lead, with a network woven about it and a lanyard attached.

Mr. Winthrop went up to the captain, saluted, and said: "Some of us have been talking about a swim, sir. With your permission, we would like to go in the water to cool off."

"Oh, certainly, sir, certainly," answered Captain Smith, good-naturedly.

The forecastle men and others crowded around the boatswain. His mates also appealed to him.

It was all about the swimming, and aft went the boatswain to the captain, to soon return with the required permission for the watch to take an "ocean bath."

Lieut. Winthrop, or Lieut. Jack, as he was usually termed by the men, was a bold, daring swimmer.

Ben Wright, as he swam to and fro, kept his evil eyes upon him. Concealed under his waistband he carried a life-belt to save him in case of a storm or other emergency. At last the lieutenant struck away from the frigate.

"Don't go too far, sir," cried the captain, pointing to windward.

A mist was gathering in that quarter, and was beginning to spread leeward.

"Ay, ay, sir, I'll not go too far!" answered Jack.

Bella Hall, the marine lieutenant's daughter, to whom he was betrothed, watched him a little anxiously as he disappeared in the mist.

"Is there no danger from sharks?" she inquired of her father.

"I think not. But even if there was, Jack would not come to harm with Tom Dalton, who has the reputation of being a sort of shark fighter, watching him."

But he forgot that Tom, a fine, robust young topman, who was now striking out in the direction where the first lieutenant had vanished, had no knife or other weapon with him.

Close in the officer's wake was Ben Wright, the boatswain's mate.

Glancing behind him, and seeing Tom Dalton, he scowled, but he thought he would be able to carry out his murderous intention ere the topman came up.

He quickened his movements, and was in a short time close upon Lieut. Jack, with the mist hiding him from Tom's gaze.

"I think it's about time we swam back," remarked the young officer to Wright, as he suddenly turned. "I hear a hum off there to windward. There's a squall coming up."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Wright.

Then he commenced apparently to tread water, though this was unnecessary on account of his concealed life-belt.

"On, on, man, go on for the ship!" cried Jack. "Why do you stop?"

An evil sort of grin convulsed the ugly face of the boatswain's mate. Now he thought was his time. Quickly the villain's hand sought the pocket behind in his swimming trousers. As Lieut. Jack was about repeating his question, up rose the scoundrel's hand, and whiz went the slungshot through the air. Had it not chanced that Jack turned his head at the moment, the leaden missile would have killed him. As it was, it struck him a slanting but very hard blow on the side of his skull. It instantly drove all sense from his brain. His head went down with a jerk, and in this position, with his knees bent under him, he sank.

The water was as clear as crystal. Wright saw the lieutenant sinking toward a broad rock, a few fathoms under the surface, the top of which was covered with those pink weeds called corallines.

"It will never do for the frigate's people to find his body," reflected the wretch. "They would see the mark on his head and I would be suspected. I'll go down and twist my life-belt about his throat and the weeds about his body, so as to keep him to the rock and hide him."

He unwound his belt, and holding it, dove for this purpose, when, to his dismay, Tom Dalton, who, being a wonderful swimmer, was much nearer to him than he thought, went darting past him, and seizing the lieutenant by the hair, was the next moment rising with the lifeless man to the surface. Wright, letting go his belt, rose quickly also, and balanced his terrible slungshot.

Whiz! went the deadly instrument again. But Tom was prepared for it. In fact, he had been near enough to see the villain when he hurled

the slungshot at the lieutenant. Now, as the leaden ball came toward him, he ducked his head, thus availing the missile. Then his right arm shot straight out, like a veritable battering ram, with its huge muscle, and his fist caught Wright between the eyes. The brute, however, had a head like flint. He was only partially stunned, and he drew back the slungshot for another fling.

Still holding to the senseless lieutenant with his left hand, Tom was certainly at a disadvantage for combat. He realized that he must act quickly.

"Ay," he reflected, "I will either save him or die in the attempt."

As Wright was about to hurl his deadly missile Tom, without quitting his hold on the young officer, gave a forward sort of leap from the water, and struck his opponent's upraised arm with his fist, directly in the hollow fronting the elbow. This brought the arm down sideways. Dalton had intended to send the slungshot flying sideways and then wrest it from Wright's grasp. Instead of this, however, the lanyard swung round, and the hard ball of lead crashed upon the villain's own skull. His head dropped instantly, and down he went, heels up, shooting into the clear depths of the sea.

Evidently it was the spasmodic contraction of the muscles of the spine, on his receiving the blow, that sent him thus speeding on what proved to be a veritable death dive.

Down among the weeds, on the under-water rock, did his body descend. And as Tom watched him he suddenly beheld, to his amazement and horror, a huge green form, not less than ten feet long, emerge from the weeds and fasten itself to the senseless man. This form resembled a gigantic sea plant, was shaped like a prickly cucumber, with sharp spines projecting from the upper part of it. In fact, it appeared to be a species of that singular creature, the sea cucumber, or trepang, much sought after for food by the Chinese and others. But this was evidently a large, voracious monster, differing in that respect as well as in size from the small, harmless beche de mer just mentioned. Dalton could see the legs of the doomed man double up and shrink as the terrible fish drew the life from him with its numerous suckers or spines. He turned his gaze from the awful spectacle. Then, ere he could look again, the squall which had been fast approaching, came howling and roaring around him, driving the mist before it and whitening the sea with foam and spray.

A great shadowy form went flying past him, at the distance of many fathoms. It was the frigate, with all her sail in except a close reefed mainsail. She was driving along with the speed of a thunderbolt.

The island previously mentioned, fronted by numerous rocks, was about half a mile from the struggling sailor.

Still holding to the lieutenant, Tom strove to keep his head as much as possible above water while he swam with one hand, and with his unusually powerful legs working like a windmill.

Fortunately, he was in a current which drew him along, helped by the gale, toward the island.

Determined to save Lieut. Jack, the brave topman strained every nerve.

He was presently close to the breakers, and exhausted and half drowned as he was, he could not hope to obtain a footing on one of those jagged rocks ahead ere he would be thrown against them with force enough to drive the life out of his body. And yet he still held on to his burden, still battled to save his life.

But now a great mass of white water rolled upon him.

He was suffocating. His senses were leaving him.

At that moment something was tossed up close to him. It was of a dull white color, and like the coil of a serpent. It was the life-belt which Wright had let go adrift when he prepared to hurl the slungshot at the young topman. Tom made a grab for it and succeeded in getting it. In an instant, partly buoyed up by the belt, to which he clung with one hand, Tom reared his head above the engulfing waters. Still holding to the lieutenant, he contrived with his single hand to twist the long, supple belt about his breast, but was unable to fasten it. It kept him up, however, and enabled him to better support his burden. The latter by this time had regained his senses.

"Where are we? What does this mean?" he gasped. "We are lost!"

"I will save you, sir," cried Tom, hopefully.

Scarcely had he spoken when a rolling surge hurled him and his companion into the midst of the breakers. Tom, by means of a rugged projection, drew himself up and rolled upon the rock, dragging the lieutenant with him.

Exhausted, faint, and with his brain yet reeling from the painful blow of the slungshot, Lieut. Jack lay in a rift of the rock, his head resting on his arm, while stalwart Tom Dalton stood and signaled with his hand to the distant frigate.

At length the squall passed away to leeward, and the leaping jets of spray becoming lower, Tom hoped he would be observed from the vessel.

Keen lookouts were aboard the man-of-war. Far aloft, on the frigate's royal yard, swayed a little midshipman with a spyglass pointed toward the distant breakers.

All at once Tom saw him double up like a glass ball. He knew what this meant.

The tiny reefer had seen him, and was fairly squatting on the yard with the strain to make his small voice heard below on deck.

Then there was a puff of smoke from the frigate's bow, followed by the booming of a gun.

Swiftly came the ship to the rescue. Shrilly rang the boatswain's whistle. At last a cutter was lowered and the two were presently picked up and taken to the frigate.

Lieut. Jack had a tender and most acceptable nurse in the person of Bella Hall, who had been almost distracted by his supposed loss.

In due time the young officer fully recovered from his injury, and at Java he became the husband of the beautiful girl to whom he was so happily restored.

PLUCK AND LUCK

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 9, 1921.

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

HUBBY VALUED AT \$1 A DAY.

A dollar a day is the value set on her husband's society by Mrs. John Cooper, 65 years old, who is suing for a separation and \$50 from her husband, John, 77, who, she claims, left her 50 days.

COWS DRUNK ON APPLE PULP

Apple pulp shipped from a cider mill in Yakima, Wash., and fed as an experiment to dairy cows on a Tieton ranch a few days ago made the animals so drunk that few of them were able to stand up and many of them staggered about like intoxicated men.

DINE ON ALLIGATOR MEAT

To prove statements made in recent articles written by him that reptiles are good for food, Prof. A. M. Reese of West Virginia University, gave an alligator dinner to twenty-four of his friends in Morgantown, W. Va. The dish was given the warm indorsement of his guests, among whom were several professors of the university.

TARRED ROADS MENACE FISH LIFE.

The pink worms found in the mud-scrapings from country roads make excellent trout bait; but the carbolic acid from road tar kills them—and trout too. Experiments prove that the spermatozoa of fish are destroyed by the carbolic acid from tar even when the quantity is so minute as to be almost undetectable.

HIGHEST TELEPHONE SYSTEM IN THE WORLD

According to the Telephone Engineer, G. D. E. Mortimer, a mining engineer of Point Loma, Cal., claims to have the highest telephone system in the world, the installation being at an altitude of 15,500 feet above sea level. This telephone system is located at Sonata, Bolivia, South America, where the installation of a telephone system for a certain mining company, between various parts of the mine and the town of Yani, has just been completed. The total length of the line is 10½ miles, the installation being at an altitude of 15,000 feet.

FLOATING ISLANDS

At Yamagata, Japan, there is a small lake called the Lake of the Floating Islands, which is said to contain as many as sixty islands that change their position constantly. The islands, which move first one way and then the other, start from masses of vegetable débris that are carried to the surface by bubbles of gas; reeds soon grow on these masses in such quantity that they sometimes become top-heavy and overturn. In that case the reeds grow on the newly exposed side, until the islands have become so deep and wide that they will no longer turn over. Prof. Kusakabe of the Tohoku Imperial University and several associates have investigated the mysterious movements of these floating islands. By placing wooden floats in the lake to show the situation and direction of the various currents these gentlemen found that the combined action of currents of air and water is what makes the islands move.

LAUGHS

Jack—Who are you working for now, Bill?
Old Salt—Same people—missus and seven kids.

"Mammy's knittin' dad a pair o' socks." "An' what's dad a-doin' of?" "Prayin' to the Lord for shoes."

Eric—May I go out and look at the comet, mummy? Mummy—Yes, dear, but don't go too close.

"How's the weather your way?" "We are sleeping under—" "Don't spring that old blanket yarn on me!" "Under difficulties, my boy."

Tom—if, as you say, Pearl is such a jewel, why don't you marry her? Jack—I'm afraid there is a flaw in the mother-of-pearl.

Hicks—He first met his wife when he was on a camping trip down in the Maine woods, but their marriage isn't happy. Wicks—Ah, I see. He mistook her for a dear.

Ascum—Broken up housekeeping? Nagget—Yes, I'm back at my old boarding house again. My cook left me. Ascum—You don't say? How does your wife like it there? Nagget—She's not there. Have I not just told you she left me?

"You laughed right in the midst of the ceremony," said the bridegroom, almost reproachfully. "Well," responded the bride, "that ridiculous minister made me promise to obey you, and it struck me as too funny."

Towne—Sleep well these sizzling nights? Subbs—Like a top—never lose a wink. Towne—Great Scott! What do you take? Subbs—An alarm clock to my room and then set the alarm for half an hour after I go to bed. As soon as it rings I naturally roll over and go to sleep.

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

SAVED BY SWOLLEN GRAIN

The steamer *Seapool* struck an iceberg off Newfoundland and began to fill. The swelling of the grain in her forehold stopped the hole and prevented her from sinking.

THE LEANING BUDDHA

The Leaning Buddah is a Chinese rival of the tower of Pisa. This twelfth-century pagoda near Nanking, is 100 feet high, of 13 stories, and inclines 1 feet from the perpendicular, while the 179-foot leaning tower of Pisa inclines 16½ feet.

HOW ELEPHANTS PLAY

The Cape Colony elephant reserve, says the *Christian Science Monitor*, affords fine facilities for the observation of pachydermatous behavior. The huge beasts often amuse themselves by squatting on their haunches at the top of a steep bank and coasting down to the pond at the bottom. Baby elephants that evince fear are coaxed to the crown of the hill and shoved off.

GLACIER LAKE BURSTS

The consequences of the exceptionally hot European Summer are still being felt. Thus owing to the heat small lakes have often formed on the glaciers and one such lake on the Gruben glacier in the Bernese Oberland, Switzerland, burst through the glacier, flooding all the surrounding district, destroying a bridge over the Alpine road and rendering one of the principal mountain highways, the Grimsel road, impassable for several days.

The force of the glacier burst carried away quantities of moraine and strewed about the meadows huge boulders embedded in ice for incalculable ages. The boulders were first precipitated into the air by force of the waterburst. Fortunately no lives were lost.

SALESMAN TIED IN BATHTUB

J. Q. Hiers, New York salesman and father of Walter Hiers, actor, was discovered in the bathtub of his room at Hotel Kayoso, Memphis, Tenn., the other day, with his foot tied to the faucet of the tub, where he had been placed, he told detectives, by a thief who entered his room and robbed him of \$20 in cash and diamonds valued at approximately \$3,500.

The discovery was made by other guests of the hotel who responded to Hier's calls for help. The burglar struck Hiers over the head, but his injuries are not serious.

Hiers said he lived at the Hotel Endicott, in New York, and is the travelling representative of the Bonataux Textile Company.

FILLS OUT ROYAL FLUSH; DROPS DEAD

Excitement attendant upon filling a royal flush of hearts in a friendly game of poker with his new nephew and son-in-law the other night is believed to have caused the death from apoplexy of Philip Brenner, 67, a retired tailor, who lived

at 1915 Cornaga avenue, Far Rockaway, N. Y. Mr. Brenner was playing with Benjamin Levy, his son-in-law, in the latter's home at 1026 White street, Far Rockaway. Max Kansrowitz, his nephew, was the third man in the game. They had just drawn to a hand, when Mr. Brenner slumped forward in his chair, dropping his cards face downward on the table.

Efforts to revive him failing, an ambulance was called from St. Joseph's Hospital, and the surgeon pronounced him dead from apoplexy. Medical Examiner Nammack, who arrived at the house shortly afterward, turned up the cards the dead man had held. They were the ace, king, queen, jack and ten of hearts.

BABY BIRDS RIDE ON THEIR MA'S BACK

The autumn migration is starting early this year, and some small birds not old enough to attempt the southbound trip alone are reported riding on the backs of cranes, loons and owls.

Several flocks of loons coming down from the far north were observed acting as chauffeurs for numbers of small crested birds. Hans Lacosta, a rancher in La Conner, Wash., declares he watched a flock of loons volplane to a big marsh near his farm, and that as soon as the descent was made many smaller birds flew from the midst of flapping wings of the larger ones.

The loons settled on the water, their passengers took accommodations in trees on shore. Owls are known to carry small birds southward on their backs.

It is generally believed by naturalists that young birds are urged by instinct not to attempt the long flight, and they await the opportunity to steal rides on the big backs of smoothly flying water birds.

NEW WONDER CHAMBER IN MAMMOTH CAVE

Discovery of a two and a half mile unexplored avenue of wonderful beauty in Mammoth Cave, Kentucky's great natural wonder, has just been made by Carl T. Robertson, Cleveland naturalist and author, according to a reliable report recently.

In company with Schuyler Hunt, veteran guide, the naturalist ventured off of beaten paths in the cave and the discovery of the new avenue came as an accident.

A stir was created by the naturalist's story, and as a result a searching party was organized to explore the avenue thoroughly and also two big side avenues which Robertson had noted.

"As a pleasing contrast to the atrociously rough paths we had been traveling for hours," the naturalist said, "the new avenue was as smooth as a dancing floor, but covered with from one to three inches of the finest limestone sand. About 200 feet from the entrance we came to a fairy fountain, a stream of water dropped from an invisible crevice in the roof to an almost circular bowl six or seven feet in diameter, in a ledge about shoulder high above a natural pathway."

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

BEGS \$19.92 IN 35 MINUTES

William Campbell, 31 years old, of 618 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, was arrested recently for begging on Broadway at Forty-third street, New York. The police found \$19.92 in his pockets, which he said he had collected in thirty-five minutes. One of Campbell's arms is amputated at the shoulder and he encouraged the sympathy of passing pedestrians by exhibiting the stump. When arraigned yesterday in the West Side Court he told Magistrate Ryttenberg that Times Square is "panhandler's paradise." He was sentenced to ten days in the workhouse.

HANDSOME LADS GET OFF EASILY

When James Llewellyn and James Gorman, young and handsome, were convicted by a jury in the Superior Court, Sacramento, Cal., of petty larceny for the theft of an automobile valued at nearly \$2,000, women jurors rushed to shake hands with the defendants. There were six women on the jury. A charge of grand larceny had been placed against the men, but it is understood five of the women declared they would vote for acquittal if the verdict did not read petty larceny. Judge Malcolm C. Glenn scored the jurors for the verdict.

"Why, these women would have presented the defendant with flowers," one of the male members of the jury said.

WOMAN, BELIEVED PAUPER, HAD \$100,000 IN DRESS

"French Sal," a mysterious resident of the Harrison Street police district, Chicago, was found dead in a gas-filled room and arrangements had been made to bury her in Potter's Field as a pauper.

A final search of her effects, however, brought forth \$100,000 in stocks, bonds and paper money of large denomination, sewed in the lining of a shabby old dress. As a result, she was buried in Arlington Cemetery. Five students of an anatomical school acted as pall bearers and Deputy Coroner Davis, of the Cook County Morgue, delivered a funeral oration.

No one can be found who knows the old woman's real name. The property is being held by the coroner in the hope that an heir can be found.

VOLCANIC ISLANDS RISE AND DISAPPEAR LATER

Volcanoes often break loose on the floor of the ocean, and sometimes they build up considerable mountains. If such a mountain be tall enough, it appears above the surface and forms an island. The Hawaiian Islands were themselves created in that way.

Sometimes these volcanic islands rise up, only to disappear later. Here and there in the Pacific that very thing has happened within historic times.

Mariners often have come across a new island,

or they have discovered to their surprise the absence of a charted bit of terra firma.

In the neighborhood of the Aleutian chain two mountains lifted themselves out of the ocean a while ago, with much fire, steam and smoke. They are called Bogislof and Grewingk. Having slowly grown to great size, they now are disappearing gradually.

DIVING TO LIMIT FOR SUNKEN GOLD

The divers on the Admiralty salvage steamer Pacer have recovered so far \$10,000,000 worth of bullion from the steamship Laurentic. The vessel (14,892 gross tonnage), formerly of the White Star Line, was serving as an auxiliary cruiser when she was sunk by a torpedo off the north coast of Ireland in January, 1917. More than 300 lives were lost and about \$20,000,000 worth of bullion went down with her.

The divers liken the condition of the wreck to a long street of high houses which have collapsed into the center. The action of the sea each winter makes the following year's work of the divers more difficult.

The wreck lies at the extreme depth at which diving is possible. The men work below for a quarter of an hour and it takes half an hour to bring them to the surface, on account of the risk of heart failure through the sudden change of blood pressure. Only two spells below per day are possible for each man.

BARBED-WIRE FENCE PHONES IN SOUTH DAKOTA

There are still many rural homes that do not have telephones, and, as at present, economy in all lines is imperative, interest is reviving in the "barbed-wire system," which was more or less common in parts of the West 20 years ago.

In Carson County, S. D., the county agricultural agent has assisted farmers to install such a system at an average cost of material per farmer of less than \$20. Carson County is 87 miles long and very sparsely settled, although the agricultural lands are fenced. Standard telephone lines appeared to be too expensive, yet there was a great need for facilitating communication. The county agent furnished information regarding the cost of installing the line, using porcelain nail knobs for insulation, which cost about \$5 per mile. These knobs work satisfactorily when the barbed wire is tied to them with a short piece of wire.

In order to further reduce the cost some farmers tried pieces of rubber cut from automobile inner tubes as insulators. Pieces of the tubing one and a half inches square were wound around the barbed wire and fastened to the post with staples. The county agent reports that this insulation is giving satisfaction, although, of course, the rubber will deteriorate in time.

The farmers were able to obtain second-hand phones at from \$5 to \$20 each, and 50 cents bought a lightning arrester, so that the cost per farmer was nominal.

PLUCK AND LUCK

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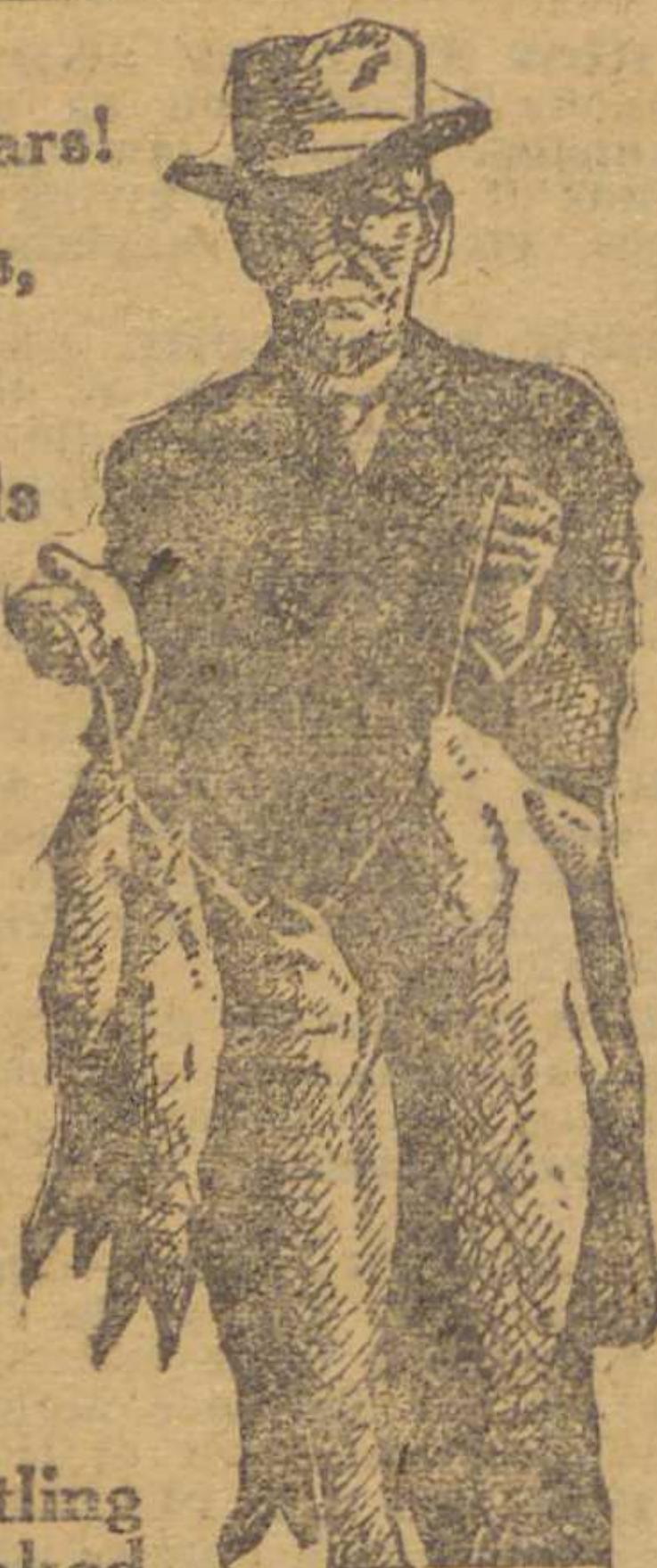
"I am eighty-three years old and I doctorred for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army over fifty years ago," writes J. B. Ashelman. "Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures', and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now, as if by magic, I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change."

HOW IT HAPPENED

Mr. Ashelman is only one of thousands who suffered for years, owing to the general belief in the old, false theory that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism. This erroneous belief induced him and legions of unfortunate men and women to take wrong treatments. You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as to try and get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints, by taking treatments supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. Many physicians and scientists now know that Uric Acid never did, never can and never will cause rheumatism; that it is a natural and necessary constituent of the blood; that it is found in every new-born babe; and that without it we could not live!

These statements may seem strange to some folks, who have all along been led to believe in the old "Uric Acid" humbug. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out this truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders, and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," a remarkable book now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this particular trouble.

NOTE: If any reader of this magazine wishes the book that reveals these facts regarding the true cause and cure of rheumatism, facts that were overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a post card or letter to H. P. Clearwater, No. 534 K Street, Hallowell, Maine, and it will be sent by return mail without any charge whatever. Cut out this notice lest you forget! If not a sufferer yourself hand this good news to some afflicted friend.



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MOCCASIN
MAKING MAY
BE A LOST ART

Because of a scarcity of proper leather from which to manufacture footwear, and the availability of store shoes, Indian moccasin making will soon be a lost art.

Throughout the Northwest the fringe - bordered and bead-bedecked Indian moccasin is rapidly being substituted by the white man's shoe. The high-laced shoe is a favorite with both sexes.

The aboriginal moccasin fabric was moose hide for cold weather in the Northwest; buffalo hide with the hair on for winter on the plains; buckskin for all general purposes, and later on beef hide in place of the disappearing skins.

In one fabric or the other were distinct tribal models with historical events drawn in beads. The squaws were the recorders of history by their moccasin bead work. The Crow, Sioux and Blackfoot Indian shoes possessed a hard rawhide sole to ward off stubby grass and pebbles.

In the snowy regions of the Northwest the moccasin had soft soles that would admit of the use of the snowshoe.

ALCOHOL FOR
GASOLENE.

In Pernambuco, Brazil, they have found a new use for alcohol. They drive their automobiles with it instead of gasoline. There are two reasons for this substitution. The first is the high price of gasoline, which is selling in Pernambuco for \$5.83 per case of ten gallons, and the second is that alcohol down there is a byproduct of the sugar cane industry and is very plentiful.

These facts are reported by our consul at Pernambuco, C. R. Cameron. He relates that planters who use the alcohol vastly for automobile fuel have found that pure alcohol of from 41 to 42 degrees answers the requirements of automobile motors, with a slight alteration in the carburetor.

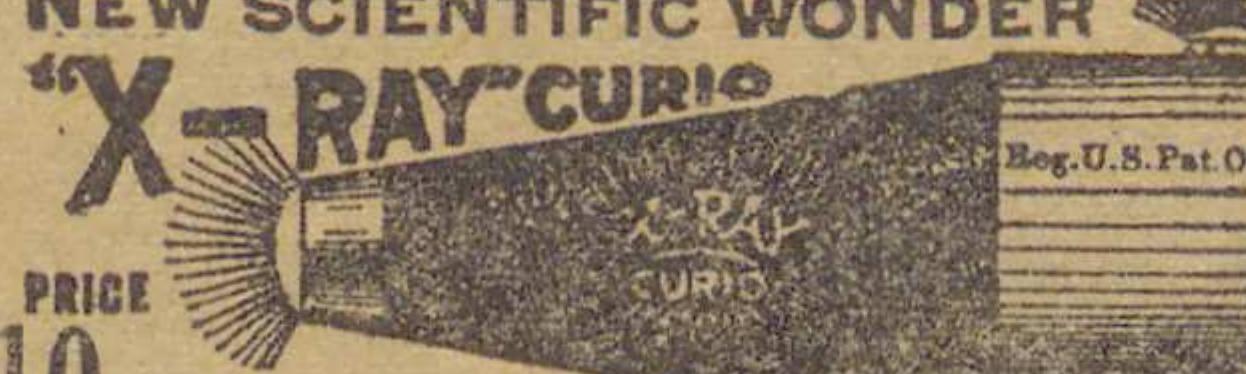
As the combustion is more complete, very little carbonized matter is deposited in the combustion chamber, the spark plugs are clean and only the valves (exposed parts) are subject to rust. Experience has demonstrated that the addition of five per cent. of gasoline or kerosene will prevent this rusting, and will, moreover, have a lubricating effect on the cylinder. It is believed that this five per cent. mixture will form the standard type of alcohol motor fuel.

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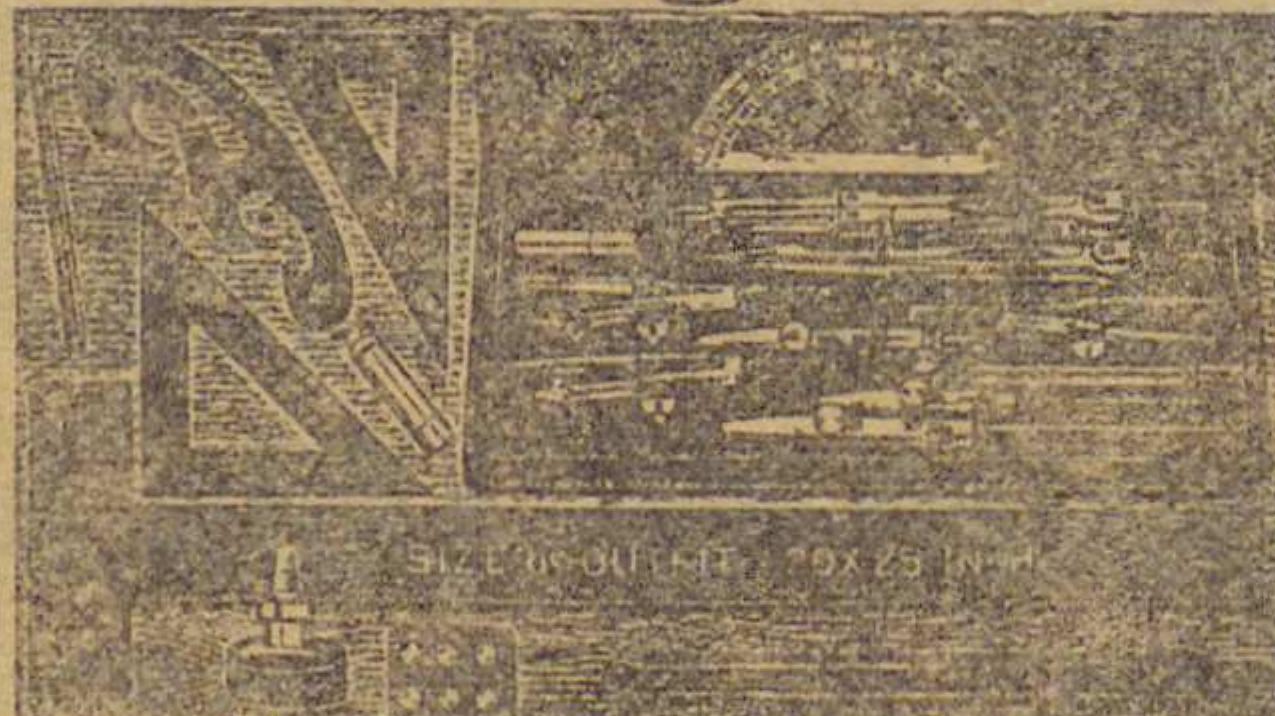
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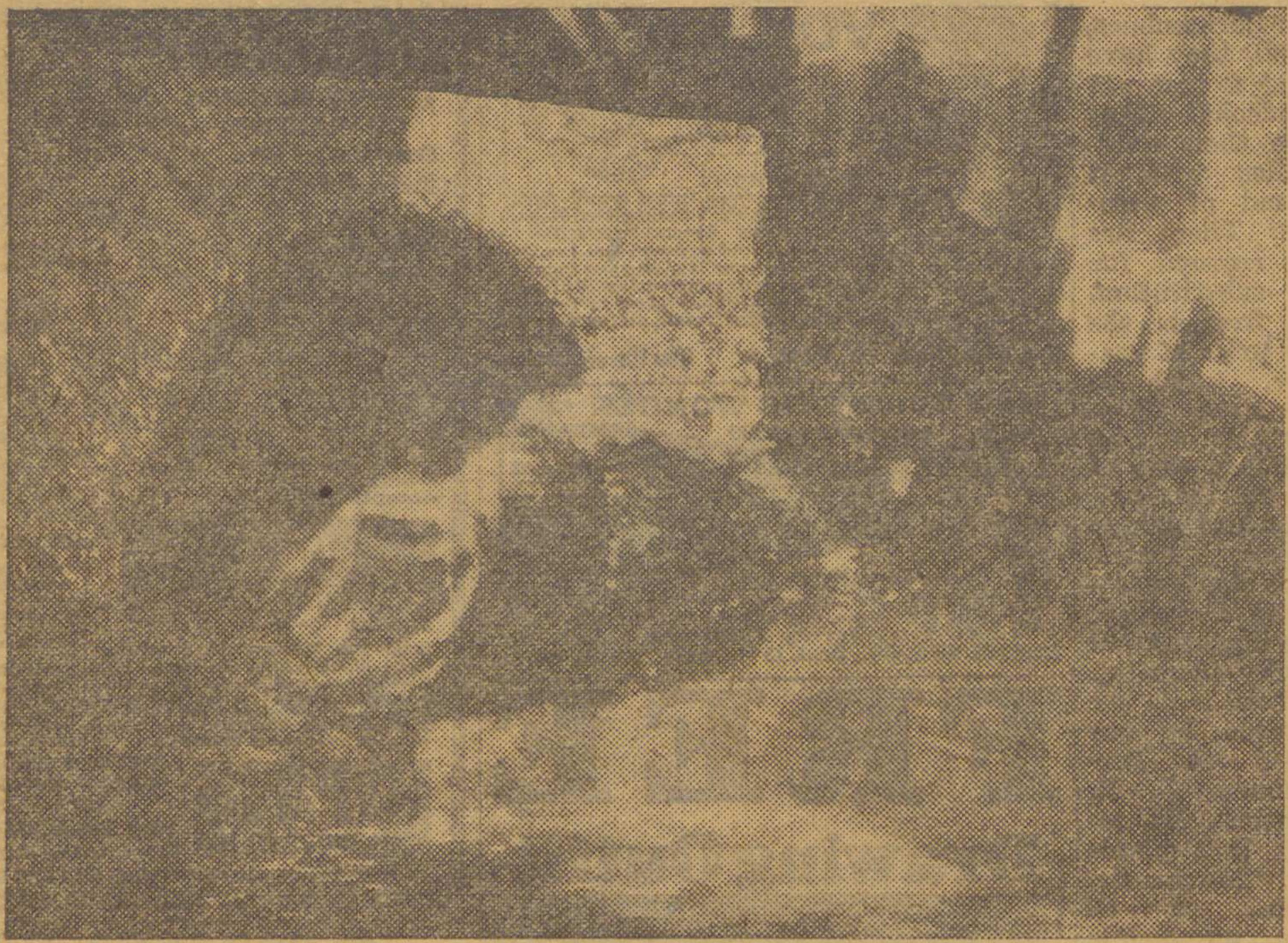
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